

AN
EXTRACT
OF THE
Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY'S
K
JOURNAL,

From *October 29, 1762, to May 25, 1765.*

XII.



BRISTOL:
Printed by WILLIAM PINE, in WINE-STREET.

M.DCC,LXVIII.

EXTRACT

OF THE

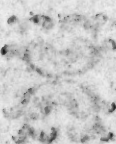
REV. MR. JOHN WISLEY'S



JOURNAL

From October 1856 to August 1857.

XII.



FOR 1857.

Printed by William Smith, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

WILLIAM SMITH



An EXTRACT
OF THE
Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY's
JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, October 29, 1762, I left *Bristol* and the next day, came to *London*. Monday, November 1. I went down to *Canterbury*. Here I seriously reflected on some late Occurrences, and after weighing the matter thoroughly, wrote as follows:

"Without any Preface or Ceremony, which is needless between you and me, I will simply and plainly tell what I dislike, in your Doctrine, Spirit, or Outward Behaviour. When I say *Your's*, I include brother *Bell* and *Owen*, and those who are most closely connected with them.

1. I like your Doctrine of *Perfection*, or Pure Love: Love excluding Sin. Your insisting that it is merely by *Faith*: That consequently it is *Instantaneous*, (tho' preceded and followed by a Gradual work) and that it may be *Now*, at this Instant.

But I dislike, your supposing Man may be as perfect as an *Angel*, that he can be *absolutely* perfect: That he can be *infallible*, or above being tempted: Or,

that the moment he is pure in heart, he *cannot fall* from it.

I dislike, the saying, This was not known or taught among us, till within two or three Years. I grant, *You* did not know it. You have over and over denied Instantaneous Sanctification to *me*. But I have known and taught it, (and so has my Brother, as well as our Writings shew) above these twenty Years.

I dislike your directly or indirectly depreciating Justification: Saying, a justified Person is not in *Christ*, is not *born of God*, is not a *New Creature*, has not a *New Heart*, is not *sanctified*, not a *Temple of the Holy Ghost*; or that he *cannot please God*, or cannot *grow in grace*.

I dislike your saying, that one saved from Sin, needs nothing more than *looking to Jesus*, needs not to hear or think of any thing else: *Believe, believe* is enough: That he needs no *Self-examination*, no times of *Private Prayer*; needs not *mind little*, or *outward things*: And that he *cannot be taught* by any Person, who is not in the same State.

I dislike, your affirming, that justified Persons in general persecute them that are saved from Sin: that *they* have persecuted *you* on *this* account: and that for *two Years* past, *you* have been more persecuted by *the two Brothers*, than ever *you* was by the world in all your life."

2. As to your Spirit, I like your Confidence in God, and your Zeal for the Salvation of Souls.

But I dislike something which has the appearance of *Pride*, of overvaluing yourselves and undervaluing others: Particularly the Preachers, thinking not only that they are *blind*, and that they are not sent of God; but even that they are *dead*; dead to God, and walking in the way to Hell: That "*they* are going *One Way*, *You Another*;" that "*they* have *no Life* in" them! Your speaking of *yourselves*, as tho' *You* were the *only men* who knew and taught the Gospel; and as if, not only *all the Clergy*, but *all the Methodists* besides, were in utter Darkness.

I dis-

I dislike something that has the Appearance of *Enthusiasm*: Overvaluing *Feelings* and inward *Impressions*: Mistaking the mere Work of *Imagination*, for the Voice of the Spirit: Expecting the End without the Means, and undervaluing *Reason*, *Knowledge*, and *Wisdom*, in general.

I dislike something that has the Appearance of *Antinomianism*: not magnifying the Law and making it honourable: Not enough valuing *Tenderness of Conscience*, and exact *Watchfulness* in order thereto: Using *Faith* rather as contradicting from *Holiness* than as productive of it.

But what I most of all dislike is, your *Littleness of Love* to your Brethren, to your own Society: Your want of *Union of Heart* with them, and bowels of *mercies* toward them: Your want of *Meekness*, *Gentleness*, *Long-suffering*; your *Impatience of Contradiction*: Your counting every man your Enemy that reproves, or admonishes you in love: Your *Bigotry* and *Narrowness of Spirit*, loving in a manner only those that love You: Your *Censoriousness*, Proneness to think hardly of All, who do not exactly agree with you: In one Word, Your *Divisive Spirit*. Indeed I do not believe, that any of you either design or desire a Separation. But you do not enough fear, abhor and detest it, shuddering at the very thought. And all the preceding Tempers tend to it, and gradually prepare you for it. Observe I tell you before! God grant you may immediately and affectionately take the Warning!

3. As to your outward Behaviour, I like the General Tenor of your Life, devoted to God, and spent in doing Good.

But I dislike your slighting any, your very least rules of the Bands or Society; and your doing any thing that tends to hinder others, from exactly observing them. Therefore

I dislike your appointing such Meetings, as hinder others from attending either the Public Preaching, or their Class or Band; Or any other Meeting,

which the Rule of the society, or their Office requires them to attend.

I dislike your spending so much time in several Meetings, as many that attend can ill spare, from their other Duties of their Calling, unless they omit either the Preaching, or their Class or Band. This naturally tends to dissolve our Society, by cutting the sinews of it.

As to your more public Meetings, I like the praying fervently and largely, for all the Blessings of God. And I know much Good has been done hereby, and hope much more will be done.

But I dislike several things therein: 1. The singing, or speaking, or praying, of several at once: 2. The praying to the Son of God only, or more than to the Father: 3. The using improper Expressions in Prayer: Sometimes too bold, if not irreverent; sometimes too pompous and magnificent, extolling yourselves rather than God, and telling him what you *are*, not what you *want*: 4. Using poor, flat, bald, Hymns: 5. The never kneeling at prayer: 6. Your using Postures or Gestures highly indecent: 7. Your Screaming, even so as to make the Words unintelligible: 8. Your affirming, People *will* be justified or sanctified just now: 9. The affirming *they are*, when they are not: 10. The bidding them say, I believe: 11. The bitterly condemning any that oppose, calling them Wolves, &c. and pronouncing them Hypocrites, or not justified.

Read this calmly and impartially before the Lord in Prayer. So shall the Evil cease and the Good remain. And you will then be more than ever united to

Your affectionate Brother,

Canterbury, Nov. 2, 1762.

J. WESLEY.

Saturday 6. Having had more satisfaction here, than I had for many years, I cheerfully commended the little Flock to God. In the way to London I read the Death of Abel. That manner of writing, in
Prose

Prose runmad, I cordially dislike. Yet with all that disadvantage, it is excellent in its kind: As much above most Modern Poems, as it is below *Paradise Lost*.

I had hopes of seeing a Friend at *Lewisham* in my way: And so I did; but it was in her Coffin. It is well, since she finished her Course with joy. In due time I shall see her in glory.

Monday 8. I began visiting the Classes; in many of which, we had hot spirits to deal with. Some were vehement for, some against the Meetings for Prayer, which were in several parts of the town. I said little; being afraid of taking any step, which I might afterwards repent of. One I heard of on Friday, and five on Saturday, who if I did not act as *they* thought best, "woud leave the Society." I cannot help it. I must still be guided by my own Conscience.

Tuesday 16. I preached at *Deptford* and *Walling*, and Wednesday 17, rode on to *Sevenoaks*. But it was with much difficulty; for it was a sharp frost, and our horses could very hardly keep their feet. Here likewise I found several who believed, that God had *cleansed* them from all sin. And all of them (except perhaps One) "lived so, that one might believe them."

Friday 19. I called upon *Jane Cooper*, praising God in the fires. The next day I saw her for the last time, in every thing giving thanks, and overcoming all by the blood of the Lamb. A day or two after she fell asleep.

From Monday the 22d, to Friday 26th, I was employed in answering the Bp. of *Gloucester's* Book. Wednesday 24, being determined to hear for myself, I stood where I could hear and see, without being seen. *George Bell* prayed; in the whole, pretty near an hour. His fervour of Spirit I could not but admire. I afterwards told him what I did not admire: namely, 1. His screaming every now and then in so strange a manner, that one could scarce tell what he said: 2. His thinking, he had the mi-

raculous Discernment of Spirits, and 3. His sharply condemning his Opposers.

Thursday 25. I buried the remains of *Jane Cooper*, a Pattern of all Holiness, and of the Wisdom which is from above, who was snatched hence before she had lived five and twenty years. In good time! God who knew the Tenderness of her Spirit, took her away from the evil to come.

Monday 29. I retired to transcribe my Answer to Bishop Warburton. My fragments of time I employed in reading, and carefully considering, the Lives of *Magdalen de Pazzi*, and some other eminent *Romish* Saints. I could not but observe, That many things related therein, are highly improbable. 1. I fear the Relators did not scruple lying for the Church, or for the credit of their Order. 2. That many of their reputed Virtues, were really no Virtues at all; being no fruits of the Love of God or Man, and no part of the mind which was in Christ Jesus: 3. Yet many of their applauded Actions, were neither commendable, nor imitable: 4. That what was really Good in their Tempers or Lives, was so deeply tinged with Enthusiasm, that most Readers would be far more likely to receive hurt than Good from these accounts of them.

Dec Saturday 1. At the desire of Mr. M. and the seeming Desire of themselves, I baptized two Foreigners, (one of them in a *Turkish* Habit) who professed themselves to have been *Turks*. On this I then remarked, "They may be what they profess: but I wait for farther Evidence. Their story is extremely plausible: It may be true, or it may not."

Sunday 5. To take away one ground of contention from many well-meaning people, in preaching on, *The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard-seed*, I endeavoured to shew at large, in what sense sanctification is gradual, and in what sense it's instantaneous. And (for the present at least) many were delivered from vain reasonings and disputings.

Monday 6. and the following days, I corrected the Notes upon the *Revelation*. O how little do we know

know of this deep Book! At least, how little do I know? I can barely conjecture, not affirm any one point, concerning that part of it which is yet unfulfilled.

Wednesday 8. I had a second opportunity, of hearing *George Bell*. "I believe Part of what he said, was from God (this was my reflection at that time) Part from an heated Imagination. But as he did not scream, and there was nothing dangerously wrong, I do not yet see cause to hinder him."

All this time I observed a few of our brethren were diligently, propagating that principle, "That none can teach those who are renewed in Love, unless he be in the state himself." I saw the tendency of this: but I saw, that violent Remedies would not avail.

Monday 13. I mentioned this to some of my Friends, and told them, What would be the Consequence. But they could not believe it. So I let it rest: Only desiring them, to remember, I had told them before.

Sunday 19. From *Matt. 18, 3*. I endeavoured to shew those, who use the word without understanding it, what *Christian Simplicity* properly is; and what it is not. It is not Ignorance or Folly: It is not Enthusiasm, or Credulity. It is Faith, Humility, Willingness to be taught, and Freedom from evil Reasonings.

Tuesday, 21. I had an opportunity of looking over the Register of *St. Luke's* hospital. And I was surprized to observe, That three in four (at least) of those who are admitted, receive a cure. I doubt this is not the case of any other Lunatic Hospital, either in *Great Britain* or *Ireland*.

Wednesday, 22. I heard *George Bell* once more, and was convinced he must not continue to pray at the Foundry. The reproach of Christianity I am willing to bear; but not the reproach of enthusiasm, if I can help it.

Saturday, 25. We met at the Chappel in *Spitalfields*, to renew our covenant with God. And he did

did indeed appear in the midst of the congregation, and answer as it were by fire.

Sunday, 26. That I might do nothing hastily, I permitted *G. Bell* to be once more (this evening) at the Chappel in *West-street*, and once more, (on Wednesday evening) at the Foundery. But it was worse and worse. He now spoke as from God, what I knew God had not spoken. I therefore desired, that he would come thither no more.

I well hoped this would a little repress the impetuosity of a few good, but mistaken men: Especially considering the case of *Benjamin Harris*, the most impetuous of them all. A week or two ago, as he was working in his garden, he was struck raving mad. He continued so 'till Tuesday, December 21, when he lay still and sensible: But could not speak, 'till on Wednesday morning his spirit returned to God.

Friday, 21. I now stood and looked back on the past year: A year of uncommon trials and uncommon blessings. Abundance have been convinced of sin: Very many have found peace with God. And in *London* only, I believe full Two Hundred have been brought into glorious liberty. And yet I have had more care and trouble in six months, than in several years preceding. What the end will be, I know not. But it is enough that God knoweth.

763 Saturday, January 1, 1763. A woman told me, "Sir, I employ several men. Now if one of my servants will not follow my direction, is it not right for me to discard him at once? Pray, do you apply this to *Mr. Bell*." I answered, "It is right, to discard such a servant. But what would you do, if he were your Son?"

Wednesday, 3. Having procured one who understood *Spanish* to interpret, I had a long conversation with the supposed Turks. One account they gave of themselves then: A second they soon after gave to Mrs. G. I observed the account now given, which I read over to them, in some particulars differed from both. This increased my fear; tho' I still hoped

hoped the best: 'till Mr. B. procured a Jew to talk with them, who understood both *Turkish* and *Spanish*: Upon whose questioning them thoroughly, they contradicted all the accounts given before. And upon the elders mentioning *Solomon Selim*, a *Jewish Merchant* of *Amsterdam*, one who knew him, wrote to *Solomon* about him: Who answered, "He had known him upwards of fourteen years; that he was a *Spanish Jew*, a *Physician* by profession: That some years since he had cured him of a dangerous illness: In gratitude for which he had given him Ten Pounds, to carry him over to *England*."

Friday, 7. I desired *George Bell* with two or three of his friends, to meet me with one or two others. We took much pains to convince him of his mistakes, particularly that which he had lately adopted, "That the End of the World was to be on February the 28th," which at first he had earnestly withstood. But we could make no impression upon him at all. He was as unmoved as a rock.

Sunday, 9. I endeavoured (from 1 Cor. xii. 12. and the following verses,) to guard the sincere against all thoughts of separating from their Brethren, by shewing what need all the members of the body have of each other. But those who wanted the caution most, turned all into poison.

Monday, 10. I rode to *Shoreham*, and paid the last office of love to Mrs. *Perronet*. Wednesday, 12. I returned to *London*, and the next day strongly enforced on a large congregation at the *Foundery*, the words of *Isaiah* (never more needful) *He that believeth shall not make haste*.

Monday, 17. I rode to *Lewisham*, and wrote my Sermon, to be preached before the Society for Reformation of Manners. Sunday, 23. In order to check, if not stop a growing evil, I preached on *Judge not, that ye be not judged*. But it had just the contrary effect on many, who construed it into a Satire upon *G. Bell*: One of whose friends said, "If the Devil himself had been in the pulpit, he wou'd not have preached such a sermon."

All

All this time I did not want information from all quarters, "That Mr. M. was at the bottom of all this: That he was the life of the Cause: Yet he was continually spiriting up all with whom he was intimate against me: That he told them, I was not capable of teaching them, and insinuated, that none was but himself: And that the inevitable Consequence must be, a Division in the Society."

Yet I was not without hope, that by bearing all things, I should overcome evil with good, till on Tuesday 25, while I was sitting with many of our Brethren, Mrs. Coventry (then quite intimate with Mr. M.) came in, threw down her ticket, with those of her Husband, Daughters, and Servants, and said, "They would hear *two doctrines* no longer." They had often said before, "Mr. M. preached *Perfection*; but Mr. W. pulled it down." So I did, that Persecution of Benjamin Harris, G. Bell, and all who abetted them. So the breach is made! The water is let out. Let those who can, gather it up.

I think it was on Friday the 28th that I received a Letter from John Fox, and another from John and Elizabeth Dixon, declaring the same thing. Friday, February 4. Daniel Owens and G. Bell told me, "They should stay in the Society no longer. The next day Robert Lee, with five or six of his friends spake to the same effect.

I now seriously considered, Whether it was in my power to have prevented this? I did not see that it was: for tho' I had heard from time to time many objections to M. M's. conduct, there was no possibility of clearing them up. Above a year ago I desired him to meet me with some that accused him, that I might hear them face to face. But his answer was as follows.

Dec. 28, 1761.

"I have considered the thing, since you spoke to me, about meeting at Mrs. March's. And I don't think to be there, or to meet them at any time. It is enough that I was arraigned at the Conference." (At which I earnestly defended him, and silenced all

all his Accusers.) "I am not convinced, that it is my duty, to make *James Morgan, &c.* my Judges. If you, Sir, or any one of them have any thing to say to me *alone*, I will answer as far as I see good."

The next month I wrote him a long Letter, telling him mildly all I heard or feared concerning him. He took it as a deep affront; and in consequence thereof wrote as follows:

Jan. 14, 1762.

—"If you call me proud or humble, angry or meek, it seems to sit much the same on my heart. If you call me John or Judas, Moses or Korah, I am content.—As to a Separation, I have no such thought, if you have, and now (as it were) squeeze blood out of a stone, be it to yourself."——

Several months after, hearing some rumours, I again wrote to him freely. In his answer were the following words.

Sept. 23, 1762.

—"Experience teaches me daily, that they that preach *Salvation from the nature of Sin*, will have the same treatment from the others as they had and have from the world. But I am willing to bear it."

"Your Brother is gone out of town. Had he stay'd much longer, and continued, Sunday after Sunday, to hinder me from preaching, he would have forced me to have got a place to preach in, where I should not have heard what I think the highest truths contradicted."——

In his next Letter he explained himself a little farther.

Oct. 16, 1762.

—"We have great opposition on every side. Nature, the world and the Devil will never be reconciled to Christian Perfection. But the great wonder is, that Christians will not be reconciled to it: Ah, almost every one who call themselves Ministers of Christ, or Preachers of Christ, contend for sin to remain in the heart as long as we live, as tho' it were the only thing Christ delighted to behold in his members."

"I long to have *your* heart set at full liberty. I know you will *then see things* in a wonderful different light, from what it is *possible to see them before*."—

The day after the first Separation, viz. Jan. 26, I wrote him the following Note.

My Dear Brother,

"For many years, I, and all the Preachers in connection with me have taught, That every Believer may and ought to grow in grace. Lately you have taught or seemed to teach the contrary. The effect of this is, when I speak as I have done from the beginning, those who believe what *you say* will not bear it. Nay, they will renounce connexion with us: As Mr. and Mrs. Coventry did last night. This Breach lies wholly upon *you*. You have contradicted what I taught from the beginning. Hence it is, that many cannot bear it, but when I speak as I always have done, they separate from the Society. Is this for *your* Honour, or to the Glory of God?"

"O Tommy, seek counsel, not from man but God; Not from brother B——, but Jesus Christ!

I am,

Your affectionate Brother,

J. W.

Things now ripened apace for a farther Separation: to prevent which, (if it were possible) I desired all our Preachers, as they had time, to be present at all Meetings, when I could not myself, particularly at the Friday Meeting, in the Chappel at *West-Street*. At this Mr. M. was highly offended, and wrote to me as follows.

Feb. 5, 1763.

"I wrote to you, to ask if those who before met at brother *Guilford's* might not meet in the Chappel. Soon after you came to town, the Preachers were brought into the Meeting, tho' you told me again and again, they should not come." (True; but since I said this, there has been an entire Change in the situation of things.) "Had I known this, I would rather have paid for a Room, out of my own pocket. I am not speaking of the people that met at the Foundery before: tho' I let some of them come to that Meeting.

Meeting.—If you intend to have the Preachers there to watch, and others that *I think very unfit*, and will not give me liberty to give leave, to some that *I think fit* to be there, I shall not think it my Duty to meet them.”—So from this time, he kept a separate Meeting elsewhere.

Sunday 6. Knowing many were greatly tempted on occasion of these occurrences, I preached on 1 Cor. 10. 13. *GOD is faithful who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with every temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.* In the evening we had a Love-feast, at which many spoke with all simplicity. And their words were like fire. I hardly know when we have had so refreshing a season.

Monday 7. One who is very intimate with them, that had left us, told me in plain terms, “Sir, the Case lies here: They say, *You are only an Hypocrite, and therefore they can have no fellowship with you.*”

So now the wonder is over. First, it was revealed to them, that *all the people* were dead to God. Then they saw, that *all the Preachers* were so too: only for a time they excepted me. At last they discern me to be *blind and dead* too. Now let him help them that can!

Thursday 10. I rode to *Brentford*, expecting to find disagreeable work there also. But I was happily disappointed. Not one seemed inclined to leave the Society, and some were added to it. And the Congregation was not only quiet, but more deeply attentive than is usual in this place.

Hence I rode on Friday 11, to *Shoreham*, and buried the Remains of Mrs. P. who after a long, distressing Illness, on Saturday, the 5th instant, fell asleep.

Saturday 12. I visited the Classes at *Snarfield*, where I was told, many would go away. But the time is not come. As yet we have lost none: tho’ some are held as by a single hair.

Tuesday 15. I rode to *Deptford*, and found the Society there united in Faith and Love. During the Sermon in the Afternoon, one poor Mourner found

peace with God. In the Evening I preached at *Wal-
ling*, and on Thursday 17, rode on to *Sevenoaks*. Here
I was grieved to find one who *did run well*, quite
hardened by the deceitfulness of sin. But in the
Evening, God looked upon him once more, and
melted him into tears of Love.

Thursday 17. Light from above broke into the
heart of another hard-hearted Sinner. At the same
time many were delivered from doubts and fears, and
knew the things which were freely given them of GOD. On
Friday, I returned to *London*.

Monday 21. Observing the terror occasioned by
that wonderful Prophecy to spread far and wide, I
endeavoured to draw some Good therefrom, by
strongly exhorting the Congregation at *Wapping*, To
seek the Lord while he might be found. But at the same
time I thought it incumbent upon me to declare, (as
indeed I had done from the hour I heard it) That
“it must be false, if the Bible be true.”

The three next days I spent in the tedious work
of transcribing the names of the Society. I found,
about thirty of those who thought they were saved
from sin, had separated from their Brethren. But
above four hundred, who witnessed the same con-
fession seemed more united than ever.

Monday 28. Preaching in the Evening at *Spital-
fields*, on *Prepare to meet thy GOD*, I largely shewed the
utter Absurdity of the Supposition, that the World
was to end that night. But notwithstanding all I
could say, many were afraid to go to bed, and some
wandered about in the fields, being persuaded, that
if the World did not end, at least *London* would be
swallowed up by an Earthquake. I went to bed at
my usual time, and was fast asleep about ten o'clock.

Monday, *March 8*. I took the Machine for *Nor-
wich*, and after spending a few quiet, comfortable
days, in *Norwich*, *Yarmouth*, and *Colchester*, without
any Jar or Contention, on Saturday the 19th return-
ed to *London*.

Monday 28. I retired to *Lewisham*, and wrote
the Sermon on *Sin in Believers*, in order to remove a
mistake,

mistake, which some were labouring to propagate, That there is no sin in any that are justified.

Monday, *April 11.* Leaving things, as I thought tolerably well settled in *London*, I took the Machine for *Bristol*, where on Tuesday 19. I paid the last Office of Love to *Nicholas Gilbert*, who was a good man, and an excellent Preacher; and likely to have been of great use. But God saw it best, to snatch him hence by a Fever, in the dawn of his Usefulness.

Saturday 23. I returned to *London*. On Thursday 28. I was at *Westminster*, where I had appointed to preach, when word was brought me, about five in the Afternoon, "That Mr. M—d would not preach at the Foundery." So the Breach is made. But I am clear. I have done all I possibly could to prevent it. I walked immediately away and preached myself on, *If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.*

That I may conclude this melancholy subject at once, I have no need to resume it any more, I add a Letter which I wrote some time after, for the information of a Friend.

"At your instance I undertake the irksome task of looking back upon things, which I wish to forget for ever. I have had innumerable proofs, (tho' such as it would now be an endless task to collect together) of all the Facts which I recite. And I recite them as possible, because I do not desire to aggravate any thing, but barely to place it in a true light.

1. Mr. *Maxfield* was justified, while I was praying with him, in *Baldwin-street, Bristol*.

2. Not long after he was employed by me, as a Preacher, in *London*.

3. Hereby he had access to Mrs. *Maxfield*, whom otherwise he was never likely to see, much less to marry; from whence all his outward Prosperity had its rise.

4. He was by me (by those who did it at my instance) recommended to the Bishop of D—, to be ordained Priest, Who told him then, (I had it from his own mouth) "Mr. M—, I ordain You, to assist that good man, that he may not work himself to death."

5. When a few years ago many censured him much, I continually and strenuously defended him; tho' to the disgusting several of the Preachers, and a great number of the People.

6. I disgusted them, not barely by defending him, but by commending him in strong terms, from time to time, both in public and private, with regard to his Uprightness, as well as Usefulness.

7. All this time Mr. M— was complaining (of which I was frequently informed by those to whom he spoke) That "he was never so ill represented by the rabble in Cornwall, as by me and my Brother."

8. Four or five years since, a few persons were appointed to meet weekly at the Foundery. When I left London, I left these under Mr. M's care, desiring them, "To regard Him just as they did me."

9. Not long after I was gone, some of these had Dreams, Visions or Impressions, as they thought, from God. Mr. M. did not put a stop to these. Rather he encouraged them.

10. When I returned, I opposed them with my might, and in a short time, heard no more of them. Meanwhile I defended and commended Mr. M. as before, and when I left the town again, left them again under his care.

11. Presently Visions and Revelations returned; Mr. M. did not discourage them. Herewith was now joined a Contempt of such as had them not, with a belief, that they were Proofs of the Highest Grace.

12. Some of our Preachers opposed them roughly. At this, they took fire, and refused to hear them preach, but crowded after Mr. M. He took no pains to quench the fire, but rather availed himself of it, to disunite them from other Preachers, and attach them to himself. He likewise continually told them, "They were not to be taught by man, especially by those who had less grace than themselves." I was told of this likewise from time to time. But he denied it. And I would not believe evil of my Friend.

13. When I returned in October, 1763, I found the Society in an uproar, and several of Mr. M.'s
most

most intimate friends, form'd into a detach'd body. Enthusiasm, Pride, and great Uncharitableness appeared, in many who once had much Grace. I very tenderly reproved them. They would not bear it. One of them, Mrs. C. cried out, "We will not be brow-beaten any longer: We will *throw off the mask*." Accordingly a few days after she came, and before an hundred persons brought me her's and her husband's tickets, and said, "Sir, we will have no more to do with *You*: Mr. M. is our Teacher." Soon after several more left the Society, (One of whom was *George Bell*;) Saying, *Blind John* is not capable of teaching us: We will keep to Mr. M."

14. From the time that I heard of *George Bell's* Prophecy, I explicitly declared against it, both in private in the Society, in preaching, over and over; and at length in the Public Papers. Mr. M. made no such Declaration: I have reason to think, he believed it. I know, many of his Friends did, and several of them sat up the last of February, at the house of his most intimate Friend, Mr. *Biggs*, in full expectation of the accomplishment.

15. About this time, one of our Stewards, who at *my desire*, took the Chappel in *Snowfields* for my use, sent me word, "The Chappel was *his*, and Mr. *Bell* should exhort there, whether I would or no." Upon this, I desired the next Preacher there, to inform the Congregation, "That while things stood thus, neither I nor our Preachers could in conscience preach there any more."

16. Nevertheless Mr. M. did preach there: On this I sent him a Note, desiring him, Not to do it: And adding, "If you do, you thereby renounce connection with me."

17. Receiving this he said, "I *will* preach at *Snowfields*." He did so, and *thereby* renounced connexion. On this point, and no other we divided. By this act the Knot was cut. Resolving to do this, he told Mr. *Clementson*, "I am to preach at the Foundery no more."

18. From this time he has spoke all manner of Evil of *me*, his Father, his Friend, his greatest Earthly Benefactor. I cite Mr. *F*— for one witness of this, and Mr. *M*— for another. Did he speak evil of me to Mr. *F*— one day only? Nay, but every day, for six weeks together. To Mr. *M*—n he said, (among a thousand other things, which he had been 20 years raking together) “Mr. *W*. believed and countenanced all which Mr. *Bell* said. And the reason of our parting was *this*. He said to me one day, “Tommy, I will tell the people, You are the greatest Gospel-Preacher in *England*. And You shall tell them, I am the greatest. For refusing to do this, Mr. *W*. put me away!”

Now with perfect Calmness, and I verily think, without the least touch of prejudice, I refer it to your own Judgment, what connection I ought to have with Mr. *M*. either 'till I am satisfied, these things are not so; or 'till he is thoroughly sensible of his Fault.”

Monday, May 2. and the following days, I was fully employed in visiting the Society, and settling the minds of those who had been confused and distressed by a thousand misrepresentations. Indeed a flood of Calumny and Evil-speaking, (as was easily foreseen) was poured out on every side. My point was still, to go strait forward in the work whereto I am called:

Monday, 16. Setting out a month later than usual, I judged it needful to make the more haste. So I took Post-chaises, and by that means easily reached *Newcastle*, on Wednesday 18. Thence I went on at leisure and came to *Edinburgh*. on Saturday 21. The next day I had the satisfaction of spending a little time with Mr. *Whitefield*. Humanly speaking, he is worn out. But we have to do with Him, who hath all power in heaven and earth.

Monday, 23. I rode to *Forfar*, and on Tuesday the 24th rode on to *Aberdeen*.

Wednesday 25. I enquired into the State of things here. Surely never was there a more open Door

Door. The four Ministers of *Aberdeen*, the Minister of the adjoining Town, and the Three Ministers of *Old-Aberdeen*, hitherto seem to have no dislike, but rather to wish us good luck in the name of the Lord. Most of the Town's People as yet seem to wish us well, so that there is no open Opposition of any kind. O what spirit ought a Preacher to be of, that he may be able to bear all this Sun-shine!

About Noon I went to *Gordon's Hospital*, built near the town for poor Children. It is an exceeding handsome Building, and (what is not common) kept exceeding clean. The gardens are pleasant, well laid out, and in extremely good order. But the old Batchelor who founded it, has expressly provided, That no Woman should ever be there.

At Seven, the Evening being fair and mild, I preached to a multitude of people, in the College-Close, on *Stand in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths*. But the next Evening the Weather being raw and cold, I preached in the College-hall. What an amazing Willingness to hear, runs thro' this whole kingdom! There want only a few zealous, active Labourers, who desire nothing but God, and they might soon carry the Gospel through all this Country, even as high as the *Orkneys*.

Friday 27. I set out for *Edinburgh* again. About One I preached at *Brechin*. All were deeply attentive. Perhaps a few may not be forgetful hearers. Afterwards we rode on to *Broughly-Castle*, two or three Miles below *Dundee*. We were in hopes of passing the River here, though we could not at the Town. But we found our Horses could not pass, till Eleven or Twelve at night. So we judged, it would be best, to go over ourselves, and leave them behind. In a little time we procured a kind of a boat, about half as long as a *London Wherry*, and three or four feet broad. Soon after we had put off, I perceived it leaked on all sides, nor had we any thing to lade out the water. When we came toward the middle of the River, which was three miles over, the Wind being high, and the Water rough,

rough, our Boatmen seemed a little surprized. But we encouraged them to *pull away*, and in less than half an hour, we landed safe. Our horses were brought after us. And the next Day we rode on to *Kinghorn-Ferry*, and had a pleasant Passage to *Leith*.

Sunday 29. I preached at Seven in the High-School-Yard, at *Edinburgh*. It being the time of the General Assembly, which drew together, not the Ministers only, but abundance of the Nobility and Gentry, many of both sorts were present: but abundantly more at five in the afternoon. I spake as plain as ever I did in my life. But I never knew any in *Scotland* offended at *Plain-dealing*. In this respect the *North-Britons* are a pattern to all mankind.

Monday 30. I rode to *Dunbar*. In the Evening it was very cold, and the Wind was exceeding high. Nevertheless I would not pen myself up in the room, but resolved to preach in the open Air. We saw the fruit: Many attended, notwithstanding the Cold, who never set foot in the Room. And I am still persuaded, much Good will be done here, if we have Zeal and Patience.

Tuesday 31. I rode to *Alnwick*, and was much refreshed, among a people who have not the form only, but the Spirit of Religion, Fellowship with God, the living Power of Faith Divine. Wednesday June 1. I went on to *Morpeth*, and preached in a ground near the town, to far the most serious Congregation which I had ever seen there. At One I preached to the loving Colliers in *Placey*, and in the Evening at *Newcastle*.

Saturday 3. I rode, though much out of order, to *Sunderland*, and preached in the Evening at the Room. I was much worse in the night, but toward Morning fell into a sound sleep, and was refreshed. Sunday 4. I designed to preach abroad this Morning; but the Wind and Rain hindered. So at Eight I preached in the room again, purposing to preach in the Street at Noon. But Mr. G. sent me word, "He was taken ill in the Night, and begged I

June

I would supply his Church. So at Ten I began reading Prayers; though I was so exceeding weak; that my voice could scarce be heard. But as I went on, I grew stronger, and before I had half done preaching, I suppose all in the Church could hear.

The Wind drove us into the House at *Newcastle* likewise, that is, as many as the House would contain. But great numbers were constrained to stand in the yard. However, I supposed all could hear. For my Weakness was entirely gone, while I was enforcing those important words, *If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.*

Monday 5. I rode to *Barnard-castle* and preached in the Evening, but to such a Congregation, not only with respect to number, but to Seriousness and Composure, as I never saw there before. I intended after preaching to meet the Society: but the bulk of the people were so eager to hear more, that I could not forbear letting in almost as many as the room would hold. And it was a day of God's Power. They all seemed to take the kingdom by violence, while they besieged Heaven with vehement Prayer.

Tuesday 6. So deep and general was the impression now made upon the people, that even at five in the Morning I was obliged to preach abroad, by the numbers who flocked to hear, although the Northerly Wind occasioned the air to be exceeding sharp. A little after preaching one came to me, who believed God had just set her soul at full liberty. She had been clearly justified long before; but said, "The Change she now experienced, was extremely different from what she experienced then, as different as the Noonday-light from that of Day-break. That she now felt her soul all-love, and quite swallowed up in God." Now suppose, ten weeks or ten months hence, this person should be cold or dead: Shall I say, "She deceived herself; this was merely the Work of her own *Imagination*?" Not at all: I have no right so to judge, nor authority

rity to speak. I will rather say, She was *unfaithful* to the Grace of God, and so *cast away* what was *really given*.

Therefore that way of talking which has been very common, of "staying to see, if the Gift be really given," which some take to be exceeding wise, I take to be exceeding foolish. If a man says, "I now feel nothing but Love," and I know him to be an honest man, I believe him. What then should I "stay to see?" Not whether he *has* such a Blessing: but whether he will *keep* it.

There is something remarkable in the manner wherein God revived his work in these parts. A few months ago the generality of people in this circuit were exceeding lifeless. *Samuel Meggot* observing this, advised the Society at *Barnard-castle*, to observe every Friday with Fasting and Prayer. The very first Friday they met together, God broke in upon them in a wonderful manner. And his Work has been increasing among them ever since. The neighbouring Societies heard of this: agreed to follow the same rule, and soon experienced the same Blessing. Is not the Neglect of this plain Duty, I mean, Fasting, ranked by our Lord with Almsgiving and Prayer, one general occasion of Deadness among Christians? Can any one willingly neglect it, and be guiltless?

In the evening I preach'd at *Yarm*. But I found the good Doctrine of Christian Perfection, had not been heard of there for some time. The Wildness of our poor Brethren in *London*, has put it out of countenance above two hundred miles off. So these strange Advocates for Perfection have given it a deeper wound, than all its Enemies together could do!

Wednesday 8. Just as I began preaching, (in the open Air, the Room being too small even for the Morning Congregation) the Rain began. But it stopped in two or three minutes, I am persuaded, in answer to the Prayer of Faith. Incidents of the same kind I have seen abundance of times, and particularly

ricularly in this Journey. And they are nothing strange to them who seriously believe, *The very hairs of your head are all numbered.*

After preaching at *Potto* about Noon, I rode to *Thirsk*, intending to preach near the house where I alighted. But several Gentlemen of the town, sent to desire, I wou'd preach in the Market place. I did so, to a numerous Congregation, most of whom were deeply attentive. I hastend away after preaching, and between nine and ten came to *York*.

Saturday 1. I rode to *Epworth*, and prcach'd at Seven in the Market place. Sunday 12. I preached at the Room in the Morning, in the Afternoon, at the Market place, and about One, to the Congregation gather'd from all Parts, in *Haxey* Parish, near *Westwoodside*. At every place I endeavoured to settle the minds of the poor people, who had been not a little harrassed, by a new Doctrine, which honest *Jonathan C—*, and his Converts had industriously propagated among them, "That there is *no Sin* in Believers, but the moment we believe, Sin is destroyed, root and branch." I trust, this plague also is stayed. But how ought those unstable ones to be ashamed, who are so easily *toft about with every wind of doctrine*?

I had desired *Samuel Meggot*, to give me some farther account of the late work of God at *Barnardcastle*. Part of his Answer was as follows.

June 7, 1763.

"Within ten weeks, at least twenty persons in this town have found peace with God, and twenty-eight the pure Love of God. This morning, before you left us, one found Peace, and one the Second Blessing; And after you was gone, two more received it. One of these had belonged to the Society before: but after he turned back, had bitterly persecuted his Wife, particularly after she professed the being saved from sin. May 29, he came, in a furious rage, to drag her out of the Society. One cried out, "Let us go to prayer for him." Presently he ran away, and his Wife went home. Not long after, he came in, like a madman, and swore, he wou'd be

be the death of her. One said, "Are you not afraid, lest God should smite you?" He answered, "No, let God do his worst. I will make an end of her, and the brats, and myself too, and we will all go to hell together." His Wife and Children fell down, and broke out into prayer. His countenance changed, and he was quiet as a lamb. But it was not long, before an horrible dread overwhelmed him : He was sore distressed. The hand of God was upon him, and gave him no rest, day or night. On Tuesday in the Afternoon he went to her who prayed for him when he came to drag his wife out, begging her with a shower of tears, to pray for his deliverance. On Thursday he wrestled with God, till he was as wet all over with sweat, as if he had been dipped in water. But that Evening God wiped away his tears, and filled him with joy unspeakable."

"This Morning, while brother *Story* was at prayer, God gave him a witness in himself, that He had purified his heart. When he was risen from his knees, he cou'd not help declaring it. He now ran to his Wife, not to kill her, but to catch her in his arms, that they might praise God, and weep over one another with tears of Joy and Love."

Monday 13. Even in *Epsworth* a few faithful servants of Satan were left, who would not leave any stone unturned, to support his tottering kingdom. A kind of Gentleman got a little party together, and took huge pains to disturb the Congregation. He hired a company of boys to shout, and made a poor man exceeding drunk, who bawled out much Ribaldry and Nonsense, while he himself play'd the *French-horn*. But he had little fruit of his labour. I spoke a few words to this Champion, and he disappeared. The Congregation was not at all disturbed, but quietly attended to the end.

Wednesday 15. I rode to *Doncaster*, and at Ten standing in an open place, exhorted a wild, yet civil Multitude, *To seek the Lord, while he might be found*. Thence I went on to *Leeds*, and declared to a large Congregation, *Now is the day of Salvation*. Thursday

16, at 5 in the Evening I preach'd at *Dawsbury*, and on Friday 17, reached *Manchester*. Here I received a particular account of a remarkable incident. An eminent drunkard of *Congleton*, used to divert himself, whenever there was preaching there, by standing over against the House, cursing and swearing at the Preacher. One Evening he had a fancy to step in, and "hear what the man had to say." He did so; but it made him so uneasy, that he could not sleep all night. In the morning he was more uneasy still: he walked in the fields, but all in vain, till it came in his mind, to go to one of his merry Companions, who was always ready to abuse the *Methodists*. He told him how he was, and asked, what he should do? "Do?" said *Samuel*: Go and join the Society. I will; for I was never so uneasy in my life." They did so without delay. But presently *David* cried out, "I am sorry I joined: for I shall get drunk again, and they will turn me out." However he stood firm for four days: On the fifth, he was persuaded by his old Companions, to "take one pint," and then another and another, till one of them said, "See, here is a *Methodist* drunk!" *David* started up, and knocked him over, chair and all. He then drove the rest out of the house, caught up the Landlady, carried her out, threw her in the kennel; went back to the House, broke down the door, threw it into the street, and then ran into the fields, tore his hair, and rolled up and down on the ground. In a day or two was a Love-feast: He stole in, getting behind, that none might see him. While Mr. *Furz* was at prayer, he was seized with a dreadful agony both of body and mind. This caused many to wrestle with God for him. In a while he sprung up on his feet, stretched out his hands and cried aloud, "All my sins are forgiven!" At the same instant, one on the other side of the room cried out, "Jesus is mine! And he has taken away all my sins." This was *Samuel H.* *David* burst thro' the people, caught him in his arms and said, "Come, let us sing the *Virgin Mary's* song: I never could sing it before. "My soul doth magnify

magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in GOD my Saviour." And their following behaviour plainly shewed the reality of their profession.

Saturday 18. I found the work of God was still greatly increasng here: Altho' many stumbling blocks had been thrown in the way, and some by those who were once strong in grace. But this is no wonder: I rather wonder, that there are not abundantly more. And so there would be, but that Satan is not able to go beyond his chain.

Monday 20. I preach'd at *Maxfield* about noon. As I had not been well, and was not quite recovered, our brethren insisted on sending me in a chaise to *Borstem*. Between 4 and 5 I quitted the chaise and took my horse. Presently after, hearing a cry, I looked back, and saw the chaise upside-down (the wheel having violently struck against a stone) and well-nigh dashed it in pieces. About seven I preached to a large congregation at *Borstem*: These poor potters four years ago, were as wild and ignorant as any of the Colliers in *Kingswood*. Lord, thou hast power over thy own clay!

Tuesday 21. I rode to *Birmingham*, and on Thursday to *Towcester*. I would willingly have rested there: but our brethren desiring me to go a little farther, I walked on (about 3 miles) to *Whittlebury*. Here I found a truly loving and simple people. I preach'd at the side of the New Preaching-house: I suppose most of the town were present. Friday 24. I took horse early, and in the afternoon came once more safe to *London*.

About this time I received the following letter.

"God is the same yesterday, to-day and for-ever! He was, is, and will be *all in all*! Being a minute part of the *whole*, let me consider myself *alone*. Where was I before my Parents were born? In the *Mind* of Him who is *all in all*. It was God alone that gave me a Being amongst the *human Race*. He appointed the *Country* in which I should begin my Existence. My *Parents* were also his Choice. Their *Situation* in *Mind*, *Body*, and *Estate* was fully known

to Him. My Parents are answerable for my Education in Infancy. My *Capacity* was from above. That I improved so little was mostly owing to my *Connexions*; but partly to my own Inattention or Idleness. In most things, whilst an Infant, whether good or evil, I was certainly *passive*, i. e. I was instructed or led by others, and so acted right or wrong. In all the Incidents of Life, whether Sickness, Health, Escapes, Crosses, Spiritual or Temporal Advantages or Disadvantages, I can trace *nothing* of *myself* during my Childhood. And 'till I became a Subject to my *own Will* perhaps I was innocent in the Eyes of infinite Justice: For the Blood of JESUS CHRIST certainly cleanseth from all Original Sin, and presents all *spotless*, who die free from the Guilt of actual Transgression.

At what Time I became a Subject to my *own Will*, I cannot ascertain; but from that Time in many Things I *offended*. First, against my *Parents*; next against God! And that I was preserved from outward evils, was not owing to the *purity* of my *own will*; but the grace of CHRIST overruling and preventing me.

My *natural will* ever cleaved to *evil*: and if I had ever any *good* in me, it came from above. What is call'd *good nature* is a Divine gift and not from the corrupt root. My *will* could not produce good, and in various instances it was in a manner annihilated, before *grace* could fix any good in me. In other words, my *will* acts from the motions of the *Old Adam*, where I transgress; but what is good in me is from the grace of Christ working, whilst my *own will* is made *passive* or *unresisting*. Thus my life has been so far holy, as I gave up my *own will* and lived in God, who is *all in all*.

From the time I could sin, I trace the Divine goodness, in preserving me from innumerable evils, into which my own will would have led me. The unknown temptations and evils perhaps are infinitely more numerous than the *known*. If my *will* was only *not resisting*, when I received or did any good, how

little was it concerned in my conviction, my conversion, my peace and the sphere of life I engaged in, after receiving such Divine blessings? My concern about my soul's welfare, the *time* of my conversion, the *ministers* raised up to be the instruments of it, the place of my first hearing the gospel, and various other circumstances, that instrumentally brought about those great and blessed events in my life, were no more from any thing in myself, than my birth and education. Rather, *my will* was overpowered, and *grace* triumphed over it.

From these reflexions I conclude, that whatever blessings I have enjoyed as to parents, country, education, employments, conversion, connexions in life, or any exterior or interior circumstance.—All came from God, who is all in all! And whatever in my past life is matter of repentance and lamentation, has arose chiefly from *my corrupt will*, tho' partly from a defective judgment, ever prone to err! So that upon the whole, I have great cause to be thankful that God has been so much the all in all of my life; at the same time I must bewail that I ever follow'd my own corrupt will in any thing.

My present state of life I believe is from God! In a bad state of health, out of employment and retired from all engagements in the world. I use the means for my recovery, and it is not from any evil principle that I am a cypher: but I cannot yet obtain health, business, or a sphere of usefulness. Nor can I ascertain how far I am culpable as to being what I am. My present duty is, *submission* to the Divine will. I study for improvement, and pray for such blessings as I want. Is not God *all in all* as to my present state? I have no desire so strong as this, Let thy blessed will be done in and upon me. And the prayer which governs my soul continually is, O may *my will* die day by day; and may God in Christ Jesus, be all in all to me and in me and mine, during our life, in our last moments, and to all Eternity! Amen.

Finding

Finding it was not expedient to leave *London*, during the ferment which still continued by reason of Mr. M's separation from us, I determined not to remove from it before the conference. This began on Tuesday, July 19, and ended on Saturday 23. And it was a great blessing, that we had peace among ourselves, while so many were making themselves ready for battle.

Monday, August 1. I began visiting the classes again, and found less loss than might reasonably have been expected: as most of those who had left us, spake all manner of evil, without either fear or shame! Poor creatures! Yet *he that betrayed them into this, hath the greater sin.*

Monday, 15. I went in the one day machine to *Bath*, where one of our friends from *Bristol*, met me, (as I had desired) in the afternoon, and took me thither in a post-chaise. Wednesday, 15. Being informed that the boat at the *Old Passage* would go over at six o'clock, I took horse at four, and came to the passage a few minutes after six. But they told us they would not pass 'till twelve, and I had appointed to preach in *Chepstow* at eleven. So we thought it best to try the *New Passage*. We came thither at seven, and might probably have stayed 'till noon, had not an herd of oxen come just in time to the other side. In the boat which brought them over, we cross'd the water, and got to *Chepstow* between ten and eleven. As it had rained almost all the day, the house contained the congregation. Hence we rode to *Coleford*. The wind being high, I consented to preach in their new room. But large as it was, it would not contain the people, who appeared to be not a little affected: of which they gave a sufficient proof, by filling the room at five in the morning.

Thursday, 18. We breakfasted at a Friend's, a mile or two from *Monmouth*, and rode to *Crick-howell*, where I intended to dine: but I found other work to do. Notice had been given, that I would preach, and some were come many miles to hear. So I began without delay, and I did not observe one light

or inattentive person in the congregation. When we came to *Brecknock*, we found it was the assize week, so that I could not have the Town-hall, as before; the court being to sit there, at the very time when I had appointed to preach. So I preached at Mr. *James's* door: and all the people behaved as in the Presence of God.

Friday, 19. I preached near the market-place, and afterwards rode over to *Trevecha*. *Howell Harris's* house is one of the most elegant places, which I have seen in *Wales*. The little chappel and all things round about it, are finished in an uncommon taste: and the gardens, orchards, fish-ponds and mount adjoining, make the place a little paradise. He thanks God for these things, and looks thro' them. About six score persons are now in the family; all diligent, all constantly employed, all fearing God and working righteousness.

I preached at ten to a crowded audience, and in the evening at *Brecknock* again: but to the poor only: the rich, (a very few excepted) were otherwise employed.

Saturday, 20. We took horse at four, and rode thro' one of the pleasantest countries in the world. When we came to *Trecastle*, we had rode fifty miles in *Monmouthshire* and *Brecknockshire*. And I will be bold to say, all *England* does not afford such a line of fifty miles length, for fields, meadows, woods, brooks, and gently-rising mountains, fruitful to the very top. *Carmarthenshire*, into which we came soon after, has at least as fruitful a soil. But it is not so pleasant, because it has fewer mountains, tho' abundance of brooks and rivers. About five I preached on the green at *Carmarthen*, to a large number of deeply attentive people. Here two gentlemen from *Pembroke* met me: with whom we rode to *St. Clare*, intending to lodge there; but the inn was quite full. So we concluded to try for *Larn*, tho' we knew not the way, and it was now quite dark. Just then came up an honest man who was riding thither: and we willingly bore him company.

Sunday,

Sunday, 21. It rained almost all the morning. However we reached *Tenby* about eleven. The rain then ceased, and I preached at the Cross to a congregation gathered from many miles round. The sun broke out several times and shone hot in my face; but never for two minutes together. About five I preached to a far larger congregation at *Pembroke*. A few gay people behaved ill at the beginning. But in a short time they lost their gaiety, and were as serious as their neighbours.

Wednesday, 24. I rode over to *Haverfordwest*. Finding it was the assize week, I was afraid the bulk of the people would be too busy, to think about hearing sermons. But I was mistaken: I have not seen so numerous a congregation since I set out of *London*. And they were, one and all, deeply attentive. Surely some will bring forth fruit.

Thursday, 25. I was more convinced than ever, that the preaching like an apostle, without joining together those that are awakened, and training them up in the ways of God, is only begetting children for the murderer. How much preaching has there been for these twenty years all over *Pembrokeshire*? But no regular societies, no discipline, no order or connexion. And the consequence is, that nine in ten of the once awakened, are now faster asleep than ever.

Friday, 28. We designed to take horse at four. But the rain poured down, so that one could scarce look out. About six however we set out, and rode through heavy rain to *St. Clare*. Having then little hopes of crossing the Sands, we determined to go round by *Carmarthen*. But the hostler told us, we might save several miles, by going to *Llansteffan's Ferry*. We came thither about noon, where a good woman inform'd us, the boat was aground, and would not pass till the evening. So we judged it best, to go by *Carmarthen* still. But when we had rode three or four miles, I recollected, that I had heard speak of a ford, which would save us some miles riding. We enquired of an old man, who soon

soon mounted his horse, shewed us the way and rode thro' the river before us.

Soon after my mare dropt a shoe, which occasioned so much loss of time, that we could not ride the Sands, but were obliged to go round thro' a miserable road, to *Lanellos*. To mend the matter, our guide lost his way, both before we came to *Lanellos* and after; so that it was as much as we could do, to reach *Bocher Ferry*, a little after sun-set. Knowing it was impossible then, to reach at *Penrsefe*, as we designed, we went on strait to *Swansey*.

Saturday, 27. I preached at seven to one or two hundred people, many of whom seemed full of good desires. But as there is no society, I expect no deep or lasting work.

Mr. *Evans* now gave me an account from his own knowledge, of what has made a great noise in *Wales*. "It is common in the congregations attended by Mr. *W. W.* and one or two other clergymen, after the preaching is over, for any one that has a mind, to give out a verse of an hymn. This they sing over and over with all their might, perhaps above thirty, yea, forty times. Meanwhile the bodies of two or three, sometimes ten or twelve, are violently agitated; and they leap up and down, in all manner of postures, frequently for hours together." I think, there needs no great penetration to understand this. They are honest, upright men, who really feel the love of God in their hearts. But they have little experience, either of the ways of God, or the devices of Satan. So he serves himself of their simplicity, in order to wear them out, and to bring a discredit on the work of God.

About Two I preach'd at *Cowbridge* in the Assembly-room, and then went on to *Landaff*. The congregation was waiting: So I began without delay, explaining to them *the righteousness of faith*. A man had need to be all fire, who comes into these parts, where almost every one is cold as ice. Yet God is able to warm their hearts, and make rivers run in the dry places.

Sunday,

Sunday 28. I preach'd once more in *W. Church*: but it was hard work. Mr. *H.* read the prayers, (not as he did once, with such fervor and solemnity as struck almost every hearer, but) like one reading an old song, in a cold, dry, careless manner. And there was no singing at all. O what life was here once! But now there is not one spark left!

Thence I rode to *Cardiff*, and found the Society in as ruinous a condition as the castle. The same poison of *Mysticism* has well-nigh extinguished the last spark of life here also. I preach'd in the Town-hall on, *Now GOD commandeth all men every where to repent.* There was a little shaking among the dry bones. Possibly some of them may yet come together and live.

Monday 29. At noon I preach'd again at *Landaff* and in the evening at *Aberthaw*. I found the most life in this congregation, that I have found any where in *Glamorganshire*. - We lodged at *Castle*; So agreeable once! But how is the scene changed? How dull and unlovely is every place, where there is nothing of God?

Thursday 30. I preach'd in the Castle at *Cardiff*, and endeavoured to lift up the hands that hung down. A few seemed to awake, and shake themselves from the dust. Let these go on, and more will follow.

I came to *Chepstow*, Friday 31, just at noon, and began preaching immediately at Mr. *Cheek's* door. The sun shone full in my face, extremely hot; but in two or three minutes the clouds covered it. The congregation was large and behaved well: Perhaps some may be *doers of the word*. When we went into the boat at the *Old Passage*, it was a dead calm. But the wind sprung up in a few minutes, so that we reached *Bristol* in good time.

Thursday, September 1. I began expounding a second time, after an interval of above twenty years, the first Epistle of St. *John*. How plain, how full, and how deep a compendium of genuine Christianity!

Saturday


 Saturday 3. I went on in describing the one undivided fruit of the spirit: One part of which men are continually labouring to separate from the other: But it cannot be: None can retain peace or joy without Meekness and Longsuffering: Nay, nor without Fidelity and Temperance. Unless we have the whole, we cannot long retain any part of it.

Sunday 4. I preach'd on the Key, when multitudes attended, who would not have come to the other end of the city. In the afternoon I preached near the New Square. I find no other way to reach the outcasts of men. And this way God has owned, and does still own; both by the conviction and conversion of sinners.

Wednesday 7. I preached at Pensford about eight, and it began raining almost as soon as I began preaching. But I think none went away. At noon I preached at Shepton-Mallet, to a numerous, nay and serious congregation: And about six in a meadow at Wincaunton. I suppose this was the first field-preaching which had been there. However the people were all quiet, and the greater part deeply attentive.

Thursday 8. At nine I preached in the same place, to a far more serious audience. Between eleven and twelve I preached at Westcomb, and in the evening at Frome. How zealous to hear are these people! And yet how little do they profit by hearing! I think, this will not always be the case. By and by we shall rejoice over them.

Wednesday 14. I preached at Bath, on Now is the day of Salvation. I was afterwards not a little refreshed by the conversation of one lately come from London: notwithstanding an irregularity of thought, almost peculiar to herself. How much preferable is her irregular warmth, to the cold wisdom of them that despise her? How gladly would I be as she is, taking her Wildness and Fervor together?

In the evening the congregation at Coleford was all alive, and great part of them were present again in the morning. The next evening we had a love-feast: At which many were not able to contain their

joy

joy and desire; but were constrained to cry aloud, and praise God for the abundance of his mercies.

Saturday 17. I preached on the Green at *Bedminster*. I am apt to think many of the hearers, scarce ever heard a *Methodist* before, or perhaps any other preacher. What but field-preaching could reach these poor sinners? And are not *their* souls also precious in the sight of God?

Sunday 18. I preached in the morning in *Princess-street*, to a numerous congregation. Two or three gentlemen, so called, laughed at first. But in a few minutes they were as serious as the rest. On Monday evening I gave our brethren a solemn caution, Not to love the world, neither the things of the world. This will be their grand danger. As they are industrious and frugal, they must needs increase in goods. This appears already: In *London*, *Bristol*, and most other trading towns, those who are in business have increased in substance sevenfold: Some of them twenty, yea, an hundred fold. What need then have these of the strongest warnings, lest they be intangled therein, and perish?

Friday 23. I preached at *Bath*. Riding home we saw a coffin carrying into *St. George's Church*, with many Children attending it. When we came near, we found they were our own Children, attending the Corpse of one of their School-fellows, who had died of the Small-pox. And God thereby touched many of their hearts, in a manner they never knew before.

Monday 26. I preached to the Prisoners in *Newgate*, and in the Afternoon rode over to *Kingwood*, where I had a solemn Watchnight, and an opportunity of speaking closely to the Children. One is dead; two recovered, seven ill still. And the hearts of all are like melting wax.

Tuesday 27. I took my leave of the Congregation at *Bristol*, by opening and applying those words, (by which no flesh living shall be justified) *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*. I believe, an eminent Deist, who was present, will not easily forget that hour.

He

He was (then at least) deeply affected, and felt he stood in need of *an Advocate with the Father*.

Wednesday and Thursday evening, I spent at *Salisbury*, and with no small satisfaction. Friday 30 I preached about One at *Whitchurch*, and then rode to *Basingstoke*. Even here there is at length some prospect of doing good. A large number of people attended; to whom God enabled me to speak strong words. And they seemed to sink into the hearts of the hearers.

Acce Saturday, October 1. I returned to *London*, and found our house in ruins, great part of it being taken down, in order to a thorough repair. But as much remained as I wanted: Six foot square suffices me by day or by night.

Book I now received a very strang account, from a man of sense, as well as integrity. "I asked *M. S.* many questions, before she would give me any answer. At length, after much persuasion she said, "On old Michaelmas day was three years I was sitting by myself at my father's, with a bible before me, and one whom I took to be my uncle came into the room, and sat down by me. He talked to me some time, till not liking his discourse, I looked more carefully at him. He was drest like my uncle; but I observed one of his feet was just like that of an ox. Then I was much frightened, and he began torturing me sadly, and told me he would torture me ten times more, if I would not swear to kill my father, which at last I did. He said, he would come again, on that day four years, between half hour past two and three o'clock."

"I have several times since strove to write this down: but when I did, the use of my hand was taken from me. I strove to speak it; but whenever I did, my speech was taken from me. And I am afraid I shall be tormented a deal more, for what I have spoken now."

Presently she fell into such a fit as was dreadful to look upon. One would have thought she would be

be torn in pieces. Several persons could scarce hold her; till after a time, she sunk down as dead.

From that Michaelmas-day, she was continually tormented with the thought of killing her Father: As likewise of killing herself: Which she often attempted, but was as often hindered. Once she attempted to cut her own throat: once to throw herself into *Rosamond's Pond*: Several times to strangle herself, which once or twice was with much difficulty prevented.

Her brother, fearing lest she should at last succeed in her attempt, and finding her fits come more frequently, got a strait waistcoat made for her, such as they use at *Bedlam*. It was made of strong ticking, with two straps on the shoulders, to fasten her down to the bed: One across her breast, another across her middle, and another across her knees. One likewise was buckled on each leg, and fastened to the side of the bed. The arms of the waistcoat drew over her fingers, and fastened like a purse. In a few minutes after she was thus secured, her brother coming to the bed, found she was gone. After some time, he found she was up the chimney, so high that he could scarce touch her feet. When M. L—'s called her, she came down, having her hands as fast as ever.

The night after, I fastened her arms to her body with new straps over and above the rest. She looked at me and laughed; than gave her hands a slight turn, and all the fastenings were off.

In the morning Mr. Spark came. On our telling him this he said, "But I will take upon me to fasten her so that she shall not get loose." Accordingly he sent for some girth-web, with which he fastened her arms to her sides, first above her elbows round her body; then below her elbows: then he put it round each wrist, and blockaded them down to each side of the bedstead: After this she was quiet a night and a day. Then all this was off like the rest.

After this we did not tie her down any more, only watched over her, night and day. I asked the physician that attended her, Whether it was a natural dis-

E

order?

order? He said, "Partly natural, partly diabolical." We then judged there was no remedy but prayer, which was made for her, or with her continually: Tho' while any were praying with her, she was tormented more than ever.

The Friday before Michaelmas-day last, Mr. W. came to see her. He asked, "Do you know me?" She said, No, you all appear to me like Blackamores." But do not you know my voice? "No, I know no one's voice, except *Molly L*——." Do you pray God to help you? No, I can't pray. God will never help *me*. I belong to the Devil: and he will have me. He will take me, body and soul on Monday." Would you have *me* pray for you? No indeed. For when people pray, he torments me worse than ever." In her fits she was first convulsed all over, seeming in an agony of pain, and screaming terribly. Then she began cursing, swearing and blaspheming in the most horrid manner. Then she burst into vehement fits of laughter: then sunk down as dead. All this time she was quite senseless: then she fetched a deep sigh, and recovered her sense and understanding: but was so weak, that she could not speak to be heard, unless you put your ear almost close to her mouth.

When Mr. W. began praying, she began screaming, so that a mob quickly gathered about the house. However he prayed on, till the convulsions and screaming ceased, and she came to her senses much sooner than usual. What most surprized us was, that she continued in her senses, and soon after began to pray herself.

On Sunday evening Mr. W. came again, asked her many questions, prest her to call upon God for power to believe, and then prayed with her. She then began to pray again, and continued in her senses, longer than she had done for a month before: but still insisted, "The Devil would come the next day between two and three, and take her away."

She

She begged me to sit up with her that night, which I willingly did. About four in the morning, she burst out into a flood of tears, crying, "What shall I do, what shall I do? I cannot stand this day. This day I shall be lost." I went to prayer with her, and exhorted her to pray for faith, and her agony ceased."

About half hour after ten, ten of us came together, as we had agreed the day before. I said, "Is there any among you who does not believe, that God is able and willing to deliver this soul?" They answered with one voice, "We believe, he both can and will deliver her this day." I then fastened her down to the bed on both sides, and set two on each side to hold her, if need were. We began laying her before the LORD, and claiming his promise on her behalf. Immediately Satan raged vehemently. He caused her to roar in an uncommon manner, then to shriek, so that it went through our heads, then to bark like a dog. Then her face was distorted to an amazing degree, her mouth being drawn from ear to ear, and her eyes turned opposite ways and starting as if they would start out of her head. Presently her throat was so convulsed, that she appeared to be quite strangled. Then the convulsions were in her bowels, and her body swelled, as if ready to burst. At other times she was stiff from head to foot, as an iron bar, being at the same time wholly deprived of senses, and motion, not even breathing at all. Soon after her body was so writhed, one would have thought all her bones must be dislocated.

We continued in prayer, one after another, 'till about twelve o'clock. One then said, "I must go: I can stay no longer." Another and another said the same, 'till we were upon the point of breaking up. I said, "What is this? Will you all give place to the devil? Are you still ignorant of Satan's devices? Shall we leave this poor soul in his hands?" Presently the cloud vanished away. We all saw the snare, and resolved to wrestle with God, till we

had the petition we asked of him. We began singing an hymn, and quickly found his Spirit was in the midst of us. But the more earnestly we prayed, the more violently the enemy raged. It was with great difficulty that four of us could hold her down: frequently we thought she would have been torn out of our arms. By her looks and motions we judged she saw him in a visible shape. She laid fast hold on Molly L——s and me with inexpressible eagerness: And soon burst into a flood of tears, crying, "Lord, save or I perish. I *will* believe. Lord, give me power to believe, help my unbelief." Afterwards she lay quiet for about fifteen minutes. I then asked, "Do you now believe Christ will save you? And have you a desire to pray to him?" She answered, "I have a little desire, but I want power to believe." We bid her keep asking for the power, and looking unto Jesus. I then gave out an hymn, and she earnestly sung with us those words,

"O Sun of Righteousness arise
With healing in thy Wings
To my diseased, my fainting Soul,
Life and Salvation bring."

I now looked at my watch and told her, "It is half hour past two. This is the time when the Devil said, he would come for you." But, blessed be God, instead of a tormentor he sent a comforter. Jesus appeared to her soul, and rebuked the enemy: though still some fear remained. But at three it was all gone, and she mightily rejoiced in the God of her salvation. It was a glorious sight. Her fierce countenance was changed, and she looked innocent as a child. And we all partook of the blessing. For Jesus filled our souls with a love which no tongue can express. We then offered up our joint praises to God, for his unspeakable mercies, and left her full of faith and love and joy in God her Saviour.

Sunday 2. All this week I endeavoured to confirm those, who had been shaken as to the important doctrine of Christian Perfection, either by its

wild

wild defenders or wise opposers, who much availed themselves of that wildness. It must needs be that such offences will come. But *wo unto him by whom the offence cometh!*

Monday 10. I set out for *Norwich*, taking *Hertford* in my way, where I began preaching between ten and eleven. Those who expected disturbance were happily disappointed; for the whole congregation was quiet and attentive. I doubt not but much good may be done even here, if our brethren live what we preach.

In the evening I preached in the New Room at *Bedford*, where we at last see some fruit of our labour. Tuesday 11. I rode through miserable roads to *Cambridge*, and thence to *Lakenheath*. The next day I reached *Norwich*, and found much of the presence of God in the congregation, both this evening and the next day. On Friday evening I read to them all, the rules of the society, adding, "Those who are resolved to keep these rules, may continue with us, and those only." I then related what I had done, since I came to *Norwich* first, and what I would do for the time to come: Particularly, that I would immediately put a stop, to preaching in the time of Church service. I added, "For many years I have had more trouble with this society, than with half the societies in *England* put together. With God's help, I will try you one year longer. And I hope you will bring forth better fruit."

Sunday 16. Notwithstanding the notice I had given over and over, abundance of people came to the tabernacle at two in the afternoon, the usual time of preaching. And many of these *lamps* roared like lions. But it was no more than I expected. Monday 17. I found at *Yarmouth*, a little, loving, earnest company. In the evening both the house and the yard were pretty well filled with attentive hearers. Tuesday 18. I read over that surprising book, *The Life of Mr. William Lilly*. If he believed himself, as he really seems to have done, was ever man so deluded? Persuaded that *Hermeli*, the *Queen of*

the Fairies, Micol Regina Pygmeorum and their fellows, were good angels! How amazing is this! And is it not still more amazing, that some of the greatest and most sensible men in the nation, should not only not scruple to employ him, but be his fast friends upon all occasions?

Wednesday 19. I returned to *Norwich*, and found the ferment a little abated. I was much pleased with the Leaders in the evening, a company of steady, lively, zealous persons: And indeed with most of the society with whom I have conversed, none of them seem to have lost ground since I was here last.

Sunday 23. I met the Society for the first time, immediately after the morning preaching. Afterwards I went to church, with a considerable number of the people, several of whom I suppose had not been within those walls for many years. I was glad to hear a plain, useful sermon, and especially for the sake of those, who if they had been offended at first, would hardly have come any more. In the evening God made bare his arm, and his word was sharp as a two-edged sword. Before I had concluded my sermon, the mob made a little disturbance. But let us only get the *lambs* in order, and I will quickly tame the *bears*.

Monday 24. I rode to *Bury*. Here the mob had for some time reigned Lords Paramount. But a strange gentleman from *London*, who was present one evening, when they were in high spirits, took them in hand, and prosecuted the matter so effectually, that they were quelled at once.

Tuesday 25. I rode to *Colchester*, and found a strange ferment in the society, occasioned by the impudence of ———, who had kindled a flame which he could not quench, and set every man's sword against his brother. I heard them all face to face, but to no purpose. They regarded neither scripture nor reason. But on Thursday evening, at the meeting of the society, God was intreated for them. The stoney hearts were broken: anger, revenge,

revenge, evil furnishing fled away. The hearts of all were again united together, and his banner over us was love.

It may be of use to insert part of a letter, which I received about this time.

I was reading your notes on *Heb. xii.* a while since, I was struck with your exposition of the ninth verse. "Perhaps these expressions, *fathers of our flesh, and father of spirits* intimate, that our earthly fathers are only the parents of our bodies, our souls not being derived from them, but rather created by the immediate power of God, and infused into the body from age to age." But meeting with a curious old book which asserts a contrary doctrine, I hope, you will pardon my freedom in transcribing, and begging your thoughts upon it.

"That souls are not immediately infused by God, but mediately propagated by the parent, is proved, 1. from the Divine rest, *Gen. ii. 2. And he rested on the seventh day, from all the work which he had made:* 2. from the blessing mentioned, *Gen. i. 28. And GOD blessed them, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply:* for this does not relate to a part, but to the whole of man: 3. from the generation of Seth, *Gen. v. 3. And Adam—begat a son in his own likeness, after his image,* for this image principally consisted in the soul: 4. from the procreation of the soul from the parent mentioned, *Gen. xvi. 26. All the souls—which came out of his loins:* 5. from the very consideration of sin; for they are infused I. either pure, and then 1. they will either be free from original sin, the primary seat of which is the soul; and so God will be cruel in condemning the soul for what it is not guilty of: or, 2. we must suppose the impure body to pollute the soul, which is absurd. Or II. they are infused impure, and in that case, God will be the cause of impurity, which is impossible. This is further proved from the doctrine of regeneration; for that which is regenerated was also generated or begotten, but the whole man is regenerated, there-
fore

fore the whole man is generated; compare *John* iii. 6. *That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit; and Eph. iv. 23. And be renewed in the spirit of your mind.*

“That the human soul is propagated by the parents together with the body, is further proved, 1. by the creation of Eve; whose soul is not said to have been breathed into her by God: 2. from the confession of David, *Psal. li. 2. Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me;* which words cannot possibly relate to the body only: 3. from our redemption; what Christ did not assume, he did not redeem; if therefore he did not assume his soul together with his body from the Virgin Mary, our souls are not redeemed by Christ, which is evidently false: 4. from similar expressions *Job x. 8. Thine hands have made and fashioned me;* and *Psal. cxxxix. 15. For thou hast possessed my reins, Thou hast covered me in my mother's womb;* where God is said to have formed us with his own hands, which yet is no otherwise done than mediately by generation: 5. from the nature of the begetter and the begotten; they are of one species, but the man who begets consisting of a soul and body, and a body without a soul, are not of one species.

“Again, supposing the soul to be infused by the Deity, either first it will be free from sin, and so God himself will be accused as guilty of injustice in condemning a pure spirit, and in infusing it into an impure body: or, 2. he will be accounted the author of the soul's pollution, by uniting it a pure spirit, to an impure body, in order that it should be polluted: 3. a double absurdity will follow upon this supposition, viz. 1. the organical parts of man only will be slaves to sin. 2. the immortal spirit would be corrupted by the mortal body. 3. Or, if the soul being thus infused, it be polluted by sin, it will follow that God is expressly assigned to be the cause of sin, which is the highest blasphemy.”

Friday

Friday, October 28. At the request of the little society there, I rode round by *Braintree*. Here I met with one who was well acquainted with the Honourable Mr. ——. If he answers the character Mr. —— gives, he is one of the most amiable men in the world. O what keeps us apart? Why cannot we openly give each other the right-hand of fellowship.

Saturday, 29. I returned to *London*. Sunday, 30. I now, for the first time, spoke to the society freely concerning Mr. M. both with regard to his injustice in the affair of *Snowfields*, and his almost unparalleled ingratitude to me. But I never expect one that is false to God to be true to an human friend.

Saturday, 2. I spent an agreeable hour with old, venerable Mr. ——. How striking is a man of sense, learning, and piety, when he has well-nigh finished his course, and yet retains all his faculties unimpair'd? His grey hairs are indeed a crown of honour.

In this neighbourhood I learned the particulars of a remarkable occurrence. On Friday, August 19, a gentleman who was at *Lisbon* during the great earthquake, walking with his friend near *Bright-helmstone* in *Suffex*, and looking south-west toward the sea, cried out, "God grant the wind may rise! Otherwise we shall have an earthquake quickly. Just so the clouds whirled to and fro, and so the sky looked that day at *Lisbon*." Presently the wind did rise, and brought an impetuous storm of rain and large hail. Some of the hail-stones were larger than hen-eggs. It moved in a line about four miles broad, making strange havock, as it passed quite over the land, till it fell into the river, not far from *Sheerness*. And wherever it passed, it left an hot sulphurous stream, such as almost suffocated those it reached.

Thursday, 3. I returned to *London*. Saturday, 5. I spent some time with my old friend J. C. Who but

but — could have separated such friends as we were? Shall we never unite again?

Sunday 13. I found much of the power of God in preaching, but far more at the Lord's table. At the same time one who had been wandering from God for many years, and would fain have been with us, but could not, found that the Spirit of God was not hindered, or confined to one place. He found out — the poor backslider, in his own house, and revealed Christ anew in his heart.

Tuesday, 15. I visited *Joseph Norbury*, a good old soldier of Jesus Christ. I found him just on the wing for Paradise, having rattled in the throat for some time. But his speech was restored, when I came in, and he mightily praised God for all his mercies. This was his last testimony of a Good Master. Soon after he fell asleep.

On Friday I finished visiting the classes, and observed that since February last, an hundred and seventy five persons have been separated from us. An hundred and six left us on Mr. M.'s account: few of them will return 'till they are deeply humbled.

Here I stood, and looked back on the late occurrences. Before *Thomas Walch* left England, God began that great work, which has continued ever since, without any considerable intermission. During the whole time, many have been convinced of sin, many justified, and many backsliders healed. But the peculiar work of this season has been, what *St. Paul* calls *The perfecting of the saints*. Many persons in *London*, in *Bristol*, in *York*, and in various parts both of *England* and *Ireland*, have experienced so deep and universal a change, as it had not before entered into their hearts to conceive. After a deep conviction of inbred sin, of their total fall from God, they have been so filled with faith and love, (and generally in a moment) that sin vanished, and they found from that time, no pride, anger, desire, or unbelief. They could rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks.

Now

Now whether we call this the *destruction* or *suspension* of sin, it is a glorious work of God: such work, as considering both the depth and extent of it, we never saw in these kingdoms before.

'Tis possible, some who spoke in this manner were mistaken: and 'tis certain, some have lost what they then received. A few (very few compared to the whole number) first gave way to enthusiasm, then to pride, next to prejudice and offence, and at last separated from their brethren. But altho' this laid a huge stumbling-block in the way, still the work of God went on. Nor has it ceased to this day in any of its branches. God still convinces, justifies, sanctifies. We have lost only the dross, the enthusiasm, the prejudice and offence. The pure gold remains, faith working by love, and we have ground to believe, increases daily.

Monday, 21. I buried the remains of *Joseph Norbury*, a faithful witness of Jesus Christ. For about three years he has humbly and boldly testified, that God had saved him from *all sin*. And his whole spirit and behaviour in life and death made his testimony beyond exception. December, 1. All the leisure hours I had in this and the following months, during the time I was in *London*, I spent in reading over our works with the preachers, considering what objections had been made, and correcting whatever we judged wrong, either in the matter or expression. *Dun*

Monday, December 5. I rode to *Shoreham*, and preached in the evening to a more-than-usually serious company. The next evening they were considerably increased. The small-pox, just broke out in the town, has made many of them thoughtful. O let not the impression pass away as the morning-dew!

Wednesday, 7. I rode to *Staplehurst*, where Mr. *Ch—*, who loves all that love Christ, received us gladly. At six the congregation gathered from many miles round, seemed just ripe for the gospel: so that (contrary to my custom in a new place) I spoke merely

merely of the *grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*. Thursday, 8. in returning to *London*, I was thoroughly wet: but it did me no hurt at all.

Friday, 16. I spent an agreeable hour, and not unprofitably, in conversation with my old friend *John G.* O how gladly could I join heart and hand again? But! alas! *thy heart is not as my heart!*

Saturday, 17. I dined at Dr. G.'s, as friendly and courteous as Dr. *Doddridge* himself. How amiable is courtesy join'd with sincerity! Why should they ever be divided?

Wednesday, 21. I took my leave of the *Bull and Mouth*, a barren, uncomfortable place, where much pains has been taken for several years; I fear to little purpose. Thursday 22. I spent a little time in a visit to Mr. M—, twenty years ago a zealous and useful magistrate, now a picture of human nature in disgrace: feeble in body and mind; slow of speech and of understanding. Lord, let me not live to be useless!

Monday, 26. I began preaching at a large commodious place in *Bartholomew Close*. I preached there again on Wednesday, and at both times with peculiar liberty of spirit. At every place this week I endeavoured to prepare our brethren, for renewing their covenant with God.

Jan^y
1764

Sunday, January the first, 1764, we met in the evening for that solemn purpose. I believe the number of those that met, was considerably larger than it was last year. And so was the blessing: truly the *consolations of God* were not small with us. Many were filled with peace and joy; many with holy fear, and several backsliders were healed.

On some of the following days, I visited the little societies near *London*. Thursday 12. I preached at *Mitcham* and in the afternoon rode to *Darling*. But the gentleman to whose house I was invited, seemed to have no desire I should preach. So that evening I had nothing to do. Friday, 13. I went at noon into the street, and in a broad place, not far from

from the market-place, proclaimed *the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*. At first two or three little children were the whole of my congregation. But it quickly increased, tho' the air was sharp, and the ground exceeding wet. And all behaved well but three or four grumbling men, who stood so far off, that they disturbed none but themselves.

I had purposed to preach there again in the morning: but a violent storm made it impracticable. So, after preaching at *Mitcham* in the way, I rode back to *London*.

Monday 16. I rode to *High-Wycombe*, and preached to a more numerous and serious congregation than ever I saw there before. Shall there be yet another day of visitation to this careless people?

A large number was present at five in the morning. But my face and gums were so swelled, I could hardly speak. After I took horse, they grew worse and worse, 'till it began to rain. I was then persuaded to put on an oil-case hood, which (the wind being very high) kept rubbing continually on my cheek, till both pain and swelling were gone.

Between twelve and one we crossed *Ensham Ferry*. The water was like a sea on both sides. I asked the ferry-man, "Can we ride the causeway?" He said, "Yes, Sir, if you keep in the middle." But this was the difficulty, as the whole causeway was covered with water to a considerable depth. And this in many parts ran over the causeway with the swiftness and violence of a sluice. Once my mare lost both her fore feet, but she gave a spring, and recovered the causeway. Otherwise we must have taken a swim: for the water on either side was ten or twelve feet deep. However, after one or two plunges more, we got thro' and came safe to *Witney*.

The congregation in the evening, as well as the next day, was doth large and deeply attentive. This is such a people as I have not seen: so remarkably diligent in business; and at the same time of so quiet a spirit, and so calm and civil in their behaviour.

F

Thursday

Thursday 19. I rode thro' *Oxford* to *Henley*. The people here bear no resemblance to those of *Witney*. I found a wild staring congregation, many of them void both of common sense and common decency. I spoke exceeding plain to them all, and reprov'd some of them sharply. Friday, 20. I took (probably my final) leave of *Henley*, and returned to *London*.

Monday 23. I rode to *Sundon*, and preached in the evening to a very quiet and very stupid people. How plain is it, that even to enlighten the understanding, is beyond the power of man? After all our preaching here, even those who have constantly attended, no more understand us, than if we had preached in *Greek*.

Thursday 26. Returning from *Bedford*, I tried another way to reach them. I preached on *Where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched*, and set before them the terrors of the Lord, in the strongest manner I was able. It seemed to be the very thing they wanted. They not only listened with the deepest attention, but appeared to be more affected, than I had ever seen them, by any discourse whatever.

July

Wednesday, February 1. I buried the remains of *William Hurd*, a son of affliction for many years, continually struggling with inward and outward trials. But his end was peace.

Thursday February 2. I preached again in the Foundry, which had been repairing for several weeks. It is not only firm and safe (whereas before the main timbers were quite decayed) but clean and decent, and capable of receiving several hundreds more.

Sunday 5. I began Mr. *Hartley's* ingenious "Defence of the Mystic writers." But it does not satisfy me. I must still object, 1. To their sentiments. The chief of them do not appear to me, to have any conception of Church-Communion. Again, they slight not only works of piety, the ordinances of God, but even works of mercy. And yet most of them, yea, all

all that I have seen, hold justification by works! In general, they are *wise above what is written*, indulging themselves in many unscriptural speculations. I object 2. To their *spirit*, that most of them are of a dark, shy, reserved, unsociable temper. And that they are apt to *despise* all who differ from them, as carnal, unlightened men. I object 3. To their whole *Phrasology*. It is both unscriptural, and affectedly mysterious. I say, *affectedly*. For this does not necessarily result from the nature of the things spoken of. St. John speaks as high and as deep things as Jacob Behme. Why then does not Jacob speak as plain as him?

Monday 6. I opened the New Chappel at Wapping, well-filled with deeply-attentive hearers. Thursday 16. I once more took a serious walk thro' the Tombs in Westminster-Abby. What heaps of unmeaning stone and marble? But there was one tomb which shewed common sense: That beautiful figure of Mr. Nightingale, endeavouring to screen his lovely wife from death. Here indeed the marble seems to speak, and statues appear only not alive.

After taking Brentford, Deptford, Welling, and Seven-oaks, in my way, on Thursday 23. I rode to Sir Thomas I'Anson's, (at New-bounds, two miles beyond Tunbridge) just quivering on the verge of life, helpless as a child, but (as it seems) greatly profited by this severe dispensation. The hall, stair-case and adjoining rooms, just contained the people in the evening. One poor backslider, whom providence had brought thither, was exceedingly wounded. I left her, resolved to set out once more, if haply God might heal her.

Friday 24. I returned to London. Wednesday 29. I heard *Judith*, an oratorio performed at the Lock. Some parts of it were exceeding fine. But there are two things in all modern pieces of music, which I could never reconcile to common sense. One, is singing the same words ten times over: The other, singing different words by different persons, at one and the same time. And this, in the most solemn

lemn addresses to God, whether by way of prayer or of thanksgiving. This can never be defended, by all the musicians in *Europe*, till reason is quite out of date.

Mar Monday, March 12. I set out for *Bristol*. Friday 16. I met several serious Clergymen. I have long desired, that there might be an open, avowed union, between all who preach those fundamental truths, original sin, and justification by faith, producing inward and outward holiness. But all my endeavours have been hitherto ineffectual. God's time is not fully come.

Monday 19. I set out for the North. We reached *Stroud* about two in the afternoon. How many years were we beating the air in this place! One wrong-headed man pulling down all we could build up. But since he is gone, the word of God takes root, and the Society increases both in number and strength. Tuesday 20. At seven I preached in *Painſwick*. For many years an honest, disputing man, greatly hindered the work of God here also, subverting the souls that were just setting out for heaven. But since God took him to himself, his word has free course, and many sinners are converted to him. We rode hence over the top of the bleak mountains to *Stanley*, where an earnest congregation was waiting. From *Stanley* to *Everſham* we were to go as we could, the lanes being scarce passable. However at length we got thro'. I never before saw so quiet a congregation in the Town-hall, nor yet so numerous. I designed, afterwards to meet the Society at our room. But the people were so eager to hear, that I knew not how to keep them out. So we had a large congregation again. And again God gave us his blessing.

Wednesday 21. After riding about two hours and an half from *Everſham*, we stopped at a little village. We easily perceived, by the marks he had left, that the man of the house had been beating his wife. I took occasion from thence, to speak strongly to her, concerning the hand of God, and his design in all afflictions.

afflictions. It seemed to be a word in season. She appeared to be not only thankful, but deeply affected.

We had an exceeding large congregation at *Birmingham*, in what was formerly the Play-house. Happy would it be, if all the Play-houses in the kingdom, were converted to so good an use. After service the mob gathered, and threw some dirt and stones, at those who were going out. But it is probable, they will soon be calmed, as some of them are in goal already. A few endeavoured to make a disturbance the next evening during the preaching. But it was lost labour: The congregation *would not* be diverted, from *taking earnest heed to the things that were spoken.*

Friday 23. I rode to *Dudley*, formerly a den of lions, but now as quiet as *Bristol*. They had just finished their Preaching-house, which was thoroughly filled: And I saw no trisler; but many in tears. Here I met with a remarkable account of a child, the substance of which was as follows.

"*John B—*, about ten years old, was some time since taken ill. He often asked, how it was to die? His sister told him, "Some children know God. And then they are not afraid to die. He said, what children as little as *me*? She answered your sister *Patty* did; and she was less than you: At which he seemed to be much affected. Sunday was fortnight he took his bed, but was not able to sleep. Soon after he said, we shall soon be with angels and arch-angels in heaven. What signifies this wicked world? Who would want to live here, that might live with Christ? The maid said, "I wish I was married to Christ." He said, "Being married to Christ is coming to Christ, and keeping with him. All may come to him: I'm happy, I'm happy." His sister asked, "Do you love God?" He answered, "Yes, that I do." She asked, "And do you think God loves you?" He replied, "Yes, I know he does."

The next evening she said, "How are you, Jacky, when you are so happy?" He said, stroking his breast down with his hand, "Why like as if God

was in me. O my sister, what an happy thing it was that I came to *Dudley*? I am quite happy, when I am saying my prayers. And when I think on God, I can almost see into heaven."

"Tuesday night last she asked, "Are you afraid to die?" He said, I have seen the time that I was. But now I am not a bit afraid of death, or hell, or judgment: For Christ is mine. I know Christ is my own. He says, what would you have? I would get to heaven, I will get to heaven as soon as I can. And as well as I love you all, when I am once got to heaven, I would not come to you again for ten thousand worlds." Soon after he said, "If God would let me do as the angels do, I would come and watch over you. I will, if God will let me: And when you are ready, I will come and fetch you to heaven, yea, if God would let me, I would fly all over the world, to fetch souls to heaven."

"He asked his cousin, "If she had seen the king?" And added, "I have; indeed I have not seen king *George*, but I have seen a better king: For I have seen the king of heaven and earth." His health since that time has been in some measure recovered. But he continues in the same spirit."

Saturday 24. We came once more, to our old flock at *Wednesbury*. The congregation differed from most that we have lately seen. It almost entirely consisted of such as had *repented*, if not also *believed the gospel*. Sunday 25, at eight I preached in the room, tho' its would by no means contain the congregation. But the North-east wind was so extremely sharp, that it was not practicable to preach abroad. At one it drove us likewise into the house at *Darlaston*, that is as many as it could contain. At five there was such a congregation at *Wednesbury*, as I have, not seen since I left *London*. But I found my voice would have commanded twice the number, while I declared, *The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart; that is, the word of faith which we preach.*

Monday 26. I was desired to preach at *Walsal*. *James Jones* was alarmed at the motion, apprehending

ing there would be much disturbance. However I determined to make the trial. Coming into the house, I met with a token for good. A woman was telling her neighbour, why she came. "I had a desire, said she, to hear this man: yet I durst not, because I heard so much ill of him. But this morning I dreamed, I was praying earnestly, and I heard a voice, saying, "See the 8th verse of the first chapter of St. John." I waked and got my bible and read, *He was not that light, but was sent to bear witness of that light.* I got up and came away with all my heart."

The house not being capable of containing the people, about seven I began preaching abroad. And there was no opposer, no, nor a trisler to be seen. All present were earnestly attentive. How is *Walsal* changed! How has God either tamed the wild beasts, or chained them up!

In the afternoon I came to *Ashby de la Zouch*. The house and yard contained the people tolerably well. I saw but one trisler among all, which I understood, was an attorney. Poor man! If men *live* what I *preach*, the hope of his gain is lost.

Wednesday 27. We rode to *Donnington*, where a great multitude earnestly attended, while I explained and inforced, *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Hence we rode to *Derby*. Mr. *Dobinson* believed it would be best for me to preach in the Market-place, as there seemed to be a general inclination in the town, even among people of fashion, to hear me. He had mentioned it to the Mayor, who said, "He did not apprehend, there would be the least disturbance. But if there should be any thing of the kind, he would take care to suppress it." A multitude of people were gathered at five, and were pretty quiet till I had named my text. Then *the beasts of the people* lifted up their voice, hollowing and shouting on every side. Finding it impossible to be heard, I walked softly away. An innumerable retinue followed me. But only a few pebble-stones were thrown, and no one hurt at all. Most of the rabble followed

followed quite to Mr. D's house: but it seems, without any malice propense. For they stood stock still about an hour, and then quietly went away.

At Seven I met the Society, with many others, who earnestly desired to be present. In the Morning most of them came again, with as many more as we could well make room for. And indeed they received the word gladly. God grant they may bring forth fruit!

Thursday 28. Between eleven and twelve I preached at *Alferton*, twelve miles from *Derby*, and in the evening at *Sheffield*, to many more than could hear, on *Now is the day of salvation*. In the morning I gave an hearing to several of the Society, who were extremely angry at each other. It surprised me, to find what trifles they had stumbled at. But I hope their snare is broken.

In the evening while I was enlarging upon *the righteousness of faith*, the word of God was quick and powerful. Many felt it in their inmost souls: One backslider in particular, who was then restored to all she had lost; and the next morning believed she was *saved from sin*.

Friday 30. I met those who believe God has *redeemed them from all their sins*. They are about sixty in number. I could not learn, that any among them walk unworthy of their profession. Many watch over them for evil: but they overcome evil with good. I found nothing of self-conceit, stubbornness, impatience of contradiction, or *London* enthusiasm among them. They have better learned of him that was meek and lowly of heart, to *adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour*.

In the evening I preached in the New House at *Rotherham*, on the sure foundation, *Ye are saved thro' faith*. It was a season of strong consolation to many. One who had been some time groaning for full redemption, now found power to believe, that God had fulfilled her desire, and set her heart at liberty.

Saturday 31. An odd circumstance occurred, during the morning preaching. It was well, only seri-
ous

ous people were present. An ass walked gravely in at the gate, came up to the door of the house, lifted up his head, and stood stock still, in a posture of deep attention. Might not *the dumb beast* reprove many, who have far less decency, and not much more understanding?

At noon I preached (the room being too small to contain the people) in a yard near the bridge in *Doncaster*. The wind was high and exceeding sharp, and blew all the time on the side of my head. In the afternoon I was seized with a sore throat, almost as soon as I came to *Epworth*. However I preached, tho' with some difficulty; but afterward I could hardly speak. Being better the next day, Sunday, April 1. I preached about one at *Westwood-side*; and soon after four, in the Market-place at *Epworth*, to a numerous congregation. At first indeed but few could hear. But the more I spoke, the more my voice was strengthened, till toward the close all my pain and weakness were gone, and all could hear distinctly.

Monday 2. I had a day of rest. Tuesday 3. I preached about nine at *Scotter*, a town six or seven miles east of *Epworth*, where a sudden flame is broke out, many being convinced of sin almost at once, and many justified. But there are many adversaries stirred up, by a bad man, who tells them, "There is no law for Methodists." Hence continual riots followed: 'Till after a while, an upright Magistrate took the cause in hand, and managed both the rioters and him who set them at work, that they have been quiet as lambs ever since.

Hence we rode to *Grimby*, once the most dead, now the most lively place in all the county. Here has been a large and swift increase both of the Society and hearers, so that the house, tho' galleries are added, is still too small. In the morning, Wednesday 4. I explained at large the nature of Christian perfection. Many who had doubted of it before, were fully satisfied. It remains only, to experience what we believe.

In

In the evening the Mayor and all the gentry of the town were present. And so was our Lord in an uncommon manner. Some dropt down as dead, but after a while rejoiced with joy unspeakable. One was carried away in violent fits. I went to her after the service. She was strongly convulsed from head to foot, and shrieked out in a dreadful manner. The unclean spirit did tear her indeed: but his reign was not long. In the morning both her soul and body were healed, and she acknowledged both the justice and mercy of God.

Thursday 5. About eleven, I preached at *Elsham*. The two persons, who are the most zealous and active here, are the steward and gardener of a gentleman, whom the minister persuaded to turn them off unless they would leave *this way*. He gave them a week to consider of it: At the end of which they calmly answered, "Sir, we chuse rather to want bread here, than to want a drop of water hereafter." He replied, "Then follow your own conscience, so you do my business as well as formerly."

Friday 6. I preached at *Ferry* at nine in the morning, and in the evening: And about noon in Sir,—'s Hall at *Gainsborough*. Almost as soon as I began to speak, a cock began to crow over my head. But he was quickly dislodged: And the whole congregation, rich and poor, were quiet and attentive.

Sunday 8. I set out for *Misterton*, tho' the common road was impassable, being all under water. But we found a way to ride round. I preached at eight, and I saw not one inattentive hearer. In our return, my mare rushing violently thro' a gate, struck my heel against the gate-post, and left me behind her in an instant, laid on my back at full length. She stood still, till I rose and mounted again; and neither of us was hurt at all.

Monday 9. I had designed to go by *Authorp Ferry*, and *Winterton*, to *Hull*. But we had not gone far, before the wind rose so, that we judged it would be impossible to pass the *Trent* at *Authorp*. So we turned back

back, and went by *Ouston* and *Brigg*. The rain beat vehemently upon us all the way. When we came to *Brigg*, despairing of being able to cross the *Humber*, we thought it best to turn aside to *Barrow*. When I was here last, the mob was exceeding rude and noisy. But all the people were now quiet and attentive. I was much pleased with their spirit and their behaviour, and could not be sorry for the storm.

Tuesday 10. The wind abating, we took boat at *Barton*, with two such brutes as I have seldom seen. Their blasphemy, and stupid, gross obscenity, were beyond all I ever heard. We first spoke to them mildly; but it had no effect. At length we were constrained to rebuke them sharply: and they kept themselves tolerably within bounds, 'till we landed at *Hull*. I preached at five, two hours sooner than was expected. By this means we had tolerable room, for the greatest part of them that came. And I believe not many of them came in vain.

Wednesday 11. Between eight and nine I began preaching at *Beverley*, in a room which is newly taken. It was filled from end to end, and that with serious hearers. Perhaps even these may know the day of their visitation.

About one I began at *Poxhlington*. Here likewise all were quiet, and listened with deep attention. When I came to *York*, at five in the afternoon, I was fresher than at seven in the morning. During the preaching, many were not a little comforted: and one old follower of Christ, more than seventy years of age, was now first enabled, to call him *Lord* by the Holy Ghost.

I found, that a most remarkable deadness had overspread this people, insomuch that not one had received remission of sins, for several months last past. Then it is high time for us, to prophesy on these dry bones, that they may live. At this I more immediately pointed, in all my following discourses. And I have reason to believe, God spoke in his word: to him be all the glory!

Thursday

Thursday 12. I spent an hour with *John Manners*, weak in body, but hot in spirit. He is fairly worn out in good service, and calmly waits till his change shall come.

Sunday 15. In the evening many even of the rich were present, and seriously attentive. But O! how hardly shall these enter into the kingdom! How hardly escape from *the desire of other things*?

Monday 16. I preached at *Tallerton* at one. The congregation was large and serious. Some were deeply affected, and wept much. Many received comfort.

At six I began preaching in the street at *Thirsk*. The congregation was exceeding large. Just as I named my text, *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul*; a man on horseback, who had stopped to see what was the matter, changed colour and trembled. Probably he might have resolved to save his soul, had not his drunken companion dragged him away.

Tuesday 17. In consequence of repeated invitations, I rode to *H—*. When I came Mr. — was not at home; but his housekeeper faintly asking me, I went in. By the books lying in the window and on the table, I easily perceived how he came to be so cold now, who was so warm a year ago. Not one of ours, either verse or prose, was to be seen, but several of another kind. O that our brethren were as zealous to make *Christians*, as they are to make *Calvinists*!

He came home before dinner, and soon convinced me, that *the Philistines* had been upon him. They had taken huge pains, to prejudice him against me, and so successfully, that he did not even ask me to preach. So I had thoughts of going on. But in the afternoon, he alter'd his purpose, and I preached in the evening to a large congregation. He seemed quite surprized, and was convinced *for the present*, that things had been misrepresented. But how long will the conviction last? Perhaps, till next summer.

Wednesday

Wednesday, 18. I called upon another serious clergyman, vicar of a little town near *Pickering*. He immediately told me, How he had been received by warm men *to doubtful disputations*. He said, this had for a time much hurt his soul; but that now the snare was broken.

About one I preached at *Snainton*, eight or nine miles beyond *Pickering*, to a small but deeply serious congregation. When I came to *Scarborough*, tho' the wind was very high and very sharp, the multitude of people constrained me to preach abroad. And all, but a few noisy children, behaved remarkably well.

Thursday, 19. The room was filled at five. And the congregation this evening was larger than the last. How is the face of things changed here within a year or two? The society increased four fold: most of them alive to God: and many filled with love. And all of them enjoy great quietness, instead of noise and tumult, since God put it into the heart of an honest magistrate, to *still the madness of the people*.

I wrote a letter to-day, which after some time I sent to forty or fifty clergymen, with the little preface annexed.

"Rev. Sir,

"Near two years and an half ago, I wrote the following letter. You will please to observe, 1. That I propose no more therein, than is the bounden duty of every Christian: 2. That you may comply with this proposal, whether any other does or not. I myself have endeavoured so to do for many years, though I have been almost alone therein, and although many, the more earnestly I *talk of peace*, the more zealously *make themselves ready for battle*.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN WESLEY."

"Dear Sir,

"It has pleased God to give you both the will and the power, to do many things for his glory, (although
G you

you are often ashamed, you have done so little and wish you could do a thousand times more.) This induces me to mention to you, what has been upon my mind for many years : and what I am persuaded would be much for the glory of God, if it could once be effected. And I am in great hopes it will be, if you heartily undertake it, trusting in him alone.

“ Some years since God began a great work in England : but the labourers were few. At first those few were of one heart : but it was not so long. First one fell off, then another and another, 'till no two of us were left together in the work, beside my brother and me. This prevented much good and occasioned much evil. It grieved our spirits and weakened our hands. It gave our common enemies huge occasion to blaspheme. It perplexed and puzzled many sincere Christians. It caused many to draw back to perdition. It grieved the holy Spirit of God.

“ As labourers increased, disunion increased. Offences were multiplied. And instead of coming nearer to, they stood farther and farther off from each other : 'till at length those who were not only brethren in Christ, but fellow-labourers in his gospel, had no more connexion or fellowship with each other, than Protestants have with Papists.

“ But ought this to be ? Ought not those, who are united to one common head, and employed by Him in one common work, to be united to each other ? I speak now of those labourers, who are ministers of the church of *England*. These are chiefly

Mr. Perronet, Romaine, Newton, Shirley :

Mr. Downing, Jesse, Adam :

Mr. Talbot, Riland, Stillingfleet, Fletcher :

Mr. Johnson, Baddily, Andrews, Jane :

Mr. Hart, Symes, Brown, Rouquet :

Mr. Sellon :

Mr. Venn, Richardson, Burnet, Furly, Crook :

Mr. Eastwood, Conyers, Bently, King :

Mr. Berridge, Hicks : G. W. J. W. C. W. John Richardson, Benjamin Colley.

not

Not excluding any other Clergymen, who agree in these essentials,

I. Original sin,

II. Justification by faith,

III. Holiness of heart and life: Provided their life be answerable to their doctrine.

“ But *what union would you desire among these?*”

Not an union in *opinions*. They might agree or disagree, touching absolute decrees on the one hand, and perfection on the other. Not an union in *expressions*. These may still speak of the *imputed righteousness*, and those, of the *merits of Christ*. Not an union, with regard to *outward orders*. Some may still remain quite regular; some quite irregular; and some partly regular and partly irregular. But these things being as they are, as each is persuaded in his own mind, is it not a most desirable thing, that we should—

1. Remove hindrances out of the way? Not judge one another, not *despise* one another, not *envy* one another? Not be *displeased* at one another's *gifts* or *successes*, even tho' greater than our own? Not wait for one another's halting, much less *wish* for it, or *rejoice* therein?

Never *speak* disrespectfully, slightly, coldly, or unkindly of each other: Never *repeat* each other's faults, mistakes, or infirmities, much less *listen* for and *gather* them up: Never say or do any thing to hinder each other's usefulness, either directly or indirectly.

Is it not a most desirable thing, that we should—

2. *Love as brethren?* Think well of and honour one another? *Wish* all good, all grace, all gifts, all success, yea greater than our own to each other? *Expect* God will answer our wish, *rejoice* in every appearance thereof, and *praise* him for it? *Readily believe* good of each other, as readily as we once believed evil?

Speak respectfully, honourably, kindly of each other: *Defend* each other's character: *Speak* all the good we can of each other: *Recommend* one another where we have influence: Each *help* the other

on in his work, and *enlarge* his influence by all the honest means we can.

This is the *union* which I have long sought after. And is it not the duty of every one of us so to do? Would it not be far better for *ourselves*? A means of promoting both our holiness and happiness? Would it not remove much *guilt* from those who have been faulty in any of these instances? And much *pain* from those who have kept themselves pure? Would it not be far better for the *people*? Who suffer severely from the clashing and contentions of their leaders? Which seldom fail to occasion many unprofitable, yea, hurtful disputes among them. Would it not be better even for the poor, blind *world*, robbing them of their sport, "O they cannot agree among themselves." Would it not be better for the *whole work* of God, which would then deepen and widen on every side?

"But it will never be: It is utterly impossible." Certainly it is *with men*. Who imagines we can do this? That it can be effected by any *human power*? All *nature* is against it, every infirmity, every *wrong temper* and *passion*; love of honour and praise, of power, of pre-eminence; anger, resentment, pride; long-contracted habit, and prejudice lurking in ten thousand forms. The *Devil* and all his angels are against it. For if this takes place, how shall his kingdom stand? All *the world*, all that know not God are against it, tho' they may seem to favour it for a season. Let us settle this in our hearts, that we may be utterly cut off from all dependence on our own strength or wisdom.

But surely *with God all things are possible*. Therefore *all things are possible to him that believeth*. And this union is proposed only to them that believe, that shew *their faith by their works*.

When Mr. C. was objecting the impossibility of ever effecting such an union, I went up stairs, and after a little prayer, opened *Kempis* on these words.

"Expecta

"Expecta Dominum: Viriliter age: noli diffidere: Noli discedere, sed corpus & animam expone constanter pro gloria Dei."

I am dear Sir,

Your affectionate Servant,

SCARBOROUGH,
April 19, 1764.

J. W.

I received three letters in answer to this, (tho' not at the same time) part of which I gladly subjoin.

Dear Sir,

"I am not insensible of the happy consequences it might produce, if "those who agree in preaching that capital doctrine, *By grace ye are saved thro' faith,* would maintain a free intercourse with each other;" And if it could by any means be accomplished, it is doubtless an event most devoutly to be wished. It is what I always have shewn the greatest readiness to, and what I have laboured at, for these several years past, within my little sphere: And, tho' my success hitherto, through causes, which I will not pretend to assign, has by no means equalled my hopes; yet, I shall heartily rejoice, if at length it may please God to make you the instrument of effecting so important a design. For my own part, I despise no man for his opinion; however, I may be most closely attached (as every one is) to those, whose judgment most nearly harmonises with my own: And if I can bear any thing, it is contradiction; so long as I am allowed the common liberty of answering for myself, without being treated with reproach or scorn for any heterodox notions I may be supposed to maintain.

"I shall very gladly go half way to London at any time, to give a meeting to a number of Ministers of any denomination, that may be brought together with this pious intention: And, I think, I may answer for Mr. Johnson's concurrence. Will you forgive me, if for once I presume to suggest, what (I apprehend) may be most conducive on such an occasion to our general profit and edification?"

1. Let one of the books of the New Testament be made choice of previous to our interview, for the subject of our conference when we meet, not with a view of displaying our critical talents on every word or verse that occurs; but of pointing out those things which necessarily enter into the plan of apostolical preaching. 2. Let every one settle this in his heart before-hand, to expect contradiction, at the same time resolving to bear it calmly for the Lord's sake: And seeing we naturally carry about us an accursed spirit of selfishness, pride, and impatience, that is ready to take fire at the most trivial offence: Let us make it a point before-hand, daily to lament this our wretchedness of disposition at the throne of grace, earnestly beseeching the Lord to prepare us all for our intended conference, by enduing us with the spirit of meekness, forbearance, humility, and love. 3. Let every one consent to renounce any favourite phrase, term, or mode of speech, that is not scriptural, if required so to do by those who dissent from him. Because whatever doctrine cannot maintain its ground without the aid of humanly-invented words, is not of God.

"I have unbosomed myself to you, in the frankest manner, with a view to promote that happy intercourse which you wish to establish: And if you imagine it will answer any good purpose, you are welcome to shew this letter to any of the Ministers you have had in your eye, and to disclose to them largely all you know of,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and brother,

R. H."

Reverend and Dear Sir,

"I received your printed letter, and should rejoice to see the union proposed therein to take place; but I must own I am an infidel concerning it. Daily experience convinces me more and more, the zeal for opinions and charity. *Non bene conveniunt, nec iri una sede morantur.* It has well nigh destroyed all Christian

Christian love, zeal, and holiness among us. I have met with greater trials from these bigots within this twelve-month, than I have met with from all other opposers for 15 years. Many, that once would almost have plucked out their own eyes, and given them to me, they are now ready to pluck out my eyes.

"I really am tired of preaching to an ungrateful, gain-saying people. Pray for me, dear Sir, for my hands hang down exceedingly.

I am your unworthy brother,

W. S."

SHOREHAM.

My Reverend and dear brother,

"Yours of the 15th instant gave me both pain and pleasure.

"I was highly delighted with your ardent wishes and endeavours for promoting the Spirit of the Gospel among the Preachers and other Professors of it:—but deeply concerned at the disappointment and opposition you have met with!

"It has been always a leading principle with me, (and I pray God confirm and strengthen it more and more) to love all those labourers of Christ, who give proof by their diligence, their holy and heavenly behaviour, that they love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; even though their sentiments; in many things, should differ from mine.

"And therefore, though it be absur'd to expect an entire union of sentiments in all things;—Yet the endeavouring, by every Christian method, to keep the union of the Spirit in the bond of peace,—is the indispensable duty of all Christians. Where this spiritual peace and union are not,—there faith working by love—is not: And where this divine faith is wanting,—there Christ is wanting; there his spirit is wanting; and then, neither circumcision, nor uncircumcision will avail us any thing!

"In

"In this melancholy situation, whilst we are strangers to the *divine fruits* of the *Holy spirit*,—let our *gifts and talents* be what they may;—let us *speak with the tongues of men and of angels*: we are yet *nothing* in the sight of God! Nay, though his *spirit* should spread the *gospel*, by our *Ministry*, in the hearts of thousands; yet our own souls will remain but a *barren wilderness*! And *Christ* may say,—*"I never knew you."*

"How ought we therefore always to pray,—that the *peace of God* may ever rule in our hearts:—that we may be *rooted and grounded in love*; and that we may constantly follow after the things, which make for peace: and things wherewith one may edify another!

"This is the *gospel of Jesus Christ*! And may God impress it thoroughly upon the minds and hearts of all!—And may the poor *despised flock* grow in *grace*, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*!

I am, Dear Sir,

Your's most affectionately,

VIN. PERRONET."

April 20, being *Good-friday*, we had a parting blessing at five. I then rode to *Robinhood's bay*, and about two preached in the *Little square*. A poor madman, literally such, came up to me just as I began, and sat down quietly till I had done. At six I preached in the *New house* at *Whitby*, ill containing the congregation. Here God does still make bare his arm, and sinners are continually converted to him,

Saturday 21. I visited one who was ill in bed, and after having buried seven of her family in six months, had just heard, that the eighth, her beloved husband, was cast away at sea. I asked, "Do not you fret at any of these things?" She said, with a lovely smile upon her pale cheek, "O no! How can I fret at any thing, which is the will of God? Let him take all besides: He has given me himself. I love, I praise him every moment." Let any that doubts of *Christian perfection*, look on such a spectacle as this!

this! One in such circumstances rejoicing evermore, and continually giving thanks.

April 22. (Easterday) I preached in the Room at five and at eight. There were such a number of Communicants at church, as it was supposed, had not been there these fifty years. In the evening I preached under the Cliff, for the sake of those who were not able to get up the Hill. The skirts of the congregation could not hear, though my voice was clear and loud. But the bulk of them seemed both to hear and understand. How ripe for the gospel is this place?

Monday 23. After preaching at five, I met the select society, who seem all to have tasted of the same blessing. I then rode to Giffborough, and about eleven preached in a meadow to a large and serious congregation: But not more serious than that in the street at Stokesly, to whom I declared in the afternoon, *Jesus Christ, made of GOD unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption..* I was a little tired before I came to Hutton. But it was over, when I saw the huge congregation, among them I found a greater blessing, than either at Stokesly or Giffborough. I then met the society, gathered from all parts. Afterwards I met the select society. And when they were gone, I was just as fresh, as when I set out in the morning.

Tuesday 24. I preached about Noon at Potts, and in the evening, in the *New-House* at Yarm, by far the most elegant in *England*. A large congregation attended at five in the morning, and seemed to be just ripe for the exhortation, *Let us go on to perfection.* I had indeed the satisfaction of finding most of the believers here, athirst for full redemption.

In the evening I preached at *Stockton*. The rain was suspended, while I was enforcing those awful words. *Now GOD commandeth all men every where to repent.* Friday 27. I was obliged to preach abroad at five; as also in *Darlington* at noon, and at *Bernard-castle* in the evening: where many hearts were bowed down before the Lord,

Saturday

Saturday 28. I rode to Newcastle, here I received a short letter from John Johnson at York. "This evening about a quarter before seven, it pleased God to take to himself our dear brother John Manners, after a time of remarkable affliction, and as remarkable patience. He was clearly sensible to the last, as well as solidly happy, saying, "The way is quite clear: my heart is at liberty."

Sunday 29. The ground being wet with heavy rain, I preached in the house both morning and evening. I soon found what spirit the people were of. No jar, no contention is here; but all are peaceably and lovingly striving together, for the hope of the gospel. And what can hurt the *Methodists*, so called, but the *Methodists*? Only let them not fight one another, let not brother lift up sword against brother, and *no weapon formed against them shall prosper.*

Monday 30. I received a letter from Cornwall, wherein were these words: "Yesterday, I preached to a large congregation at St. John's. The occasion was this. One of our friends came into Mr. Thomas's a few days since. After speaking a little upon business, he said, "What need have we to watch." Presently sitting down, he added, "There is but one step between me and death," and died.

May

Wednesday, May 2. I talked with M. L. a remarkable monument of divine mercy. She is about two and twenty, and has about six hundred pounds a year in her own hands. Some months since God spoke peace to her soul, while she was wrestling with him in private prayer. This was never entirely taken from her, even while she was almost alone. But she was often dull and faint, till she broke thro' all hindrances, and joined heart and hand with the children of God.

Tuesday 8. We rode over the wild moors to Wessingham. It proved to be the Fair-Day. So I had hearers from all parts. In the evening I preached to the simple, loving earnest people at Barnard-castle.

castle. If all to whom we preach were of this spirit, what an harvest would ensue?

Wednesday 9. I was invited to breakfast by Mr.— a neighbouring gentleman. I found we had been school-fellows at the *Charterhouse*: and he remembered me, though I had forgot him. I spent a very agreeable hour, with a serious as well as sensible man.

About noon I preached to a large congregation in *Teesdale*, and to a still larger in *Wardale* in the evening. The next day, after preaching at *Prudhoe* and *Nafferton*, I returned to *Newcastle*.

Tuesday 15. I rode to *Southshields*, and was persuaded to preach in the house. It was well I did, for about the middle of the sermon, there was a violent shower. But it was quite fair at six while I preached in *Northshields*, to a very large and yet very serious congregation. How is the scene changed, since my brother preached here, when the people were ready to swallow him up? O what has God wrought in this land, within four or five and twenty years!

Friday 18. I received much satisfaction in conversing with the most honourable member of our society, *Henry Jackson*, now in the ninety fifth or ninety sixth year of his age. He put me in mind of that venerable man, *Mr. Elliot* of *New England*: who frequently used to say to his friends, a few years before he went to God, "My memory is gone: my understanding is gone: but I think I have more love than ever."

Saturday 19. I preached to the poor Colliers at P.— who are still a pattern to all the country. We rode home by a great house I had frequently heard of. The front is truly noble. In the house I saw nothing remarkable, but what was remarkably bad: such pictures as an honest Heathen would be ashamed, to receive under his roof: unless he designed his wife and daughters should be common prostitutes. And this is the high fashion! What an abundant proof of the taste of the present age?

Sunday

Sunday 20. Between eight and nine I preached in *Gateshead*, to a listening multitude. I believe their number was doubled at the *Fall*, about two in the afternoon. About five I preached to such another congregation, on the outside of *Pandon-Gate*. I know not that I ever before preached to three such congregations in one day: Such as obliged me to speak to the utmost extent of my voice, from the first word to the last. But it was all one. I was no more tired in the evening, than if I had sat still all day.

Monday 21. I took my leave of *Newcastle*, and about noon preached in the Market-place at *Morpeth*. A few of the hearers were a little ludicrous at first; but their mirth was quickly spoiled. In the evening I preached in the Court-house at *Alnwick*, where I rested the next day. Wednesday 23. I rode over the lands to *Holy-Island*, once the famous see of a bishop; now the residence of a few poor families, who live chiefly by fishing. At one side of the town are the ruins of the Cathedral, with an adjoining Monastery. It appears to have been a lofty and elegant building, the middle isle being almost entire. I preached in what was once the Market-place, to almost all the inhabitants of the island, and distributed some little books among them, for which they were exceeding thankful. In the evening I preached at *Boronick upon Tyne*; the next evening at *Dunbar*: And on Friday 25, about ten at *Maddington*, in provost *D.*'s yard to a very elegant congregation. But I expect little good will be done here. For we begin at the wrong end. Religion must not go from the greatest to the least, or the power would appear to be of men.

In the evening I preached at *Musselborough*, and the next, on the *Calton-hill* at *Edinburgh*. It being the time of the General-assembly, many of the Ministers were there. The wind was high and sharp, and blew away a few delicate ones. But most of the congregation did not stir, till I had concluded.

Sunday

Sunday 27. At seven I preached in the *High School* yard, on the other side of the city. The morning was extremely cold. In the evening it blew a storm. However having appointed to be on the *Calton-hill*, I began there, to an huge congregation. At first, the wind was a little troublesome; but I soon forgot it. And so did the people for an hour and half, in which I fully delivered my own soul.

Monday 28. I spent some hours at the General-assembly, composed of about an hundred and fifty Ministers. I was surprised to observe, 1. That any one was admitted, even lads, twelve or fourteen years old: 2. That the chief speakers were Lawyers, six or seven on one side only: 3. That a single question took up the whole time, which when I went away, seemed to be as far from a conclusion as ever, namely, "Shall Mr. *Lindsay* be removed to *Kilmar-nock* parish or not?" The argument, for it was, "He has a large family, and this living is twice as good as his own." The argument against it was, "The people are resolved, not to hear him, and will leave the Kirk, if he comes." If then the real point in view had been (as their law directs) "*Majus bonum Ecclesia*," instead of taking up five hours, the debate might have been determined in five minutes.

On Monday and Tuesday I spoke to the members of the Society severally. Thursday 31. I rode to *Dundee*, and about half an hour after six, preached on the side of a meadow near the town. Poor and rich attended. Indeed there is seldom fear of wanting a congregation in *Scotland*. But the misfortune is, *They know every thing. So they learn nothing.*

Friday June 1. I rode to *Brachin*, where Mr. *B. June* received me in the most friendly manner. In the afternoon I preached on the side of an hill near the town, where we soon forgot the cold. I trust, there will be not only a knowing, but a loving people in this place.

About seven Mr. *B.* was occasionally mentioning what had lately occurred in the next parish. I thought it worth a farther enquiry, and therefore or-

dered our horses to be brought immediately. Mr. B. guided us to Mr. Ogglevie's house, the Minister of the parish : Who informed us, " That a strange disorder had appeared in his parish, between thirty and forty years ago ; but that nothing of the kind had been known there since, till some time in September last. A boy was then taken ill, and so continues still. In the end of January or beginning of February, many other children were taken, chiefly girls, and a few grown persons. They begin with an involuntary shaking of their hands and feet. Then their lips are convulsed ; next their tongue, which seems to cleave to the roof of the mouth. Then the eyes are set, staring terribly, and the whole face variously distorted. Presently they start up, and jump ten, fifteen or twenty times together strait upward, two, three, or more feet from the ground. Then they start forward, and run with amazing swiftness, two, three, or five hundred yards. Frequently they run up like a cat, to the top of an house, and jump on the ridge of it, as on the ground. But wherever they are, they never fall, or miss their footing at all. After they have run and jumped for some time, they drop down as dead. When they come to themselves, they usually tell, when and where they shall be taken again : frequently, how often and where they shall jump, and to what places they shall run."

I asked, " Are any of them near ?" He said, " Yes, at those houses." We walked thither without delay. One of them was four years and half old, the other about eighteen. The child, we found, had had three or four fits that day, running and jumping like the rest, and in particular, leaping many times from a high table to the ground, without the least hurt. The young woman was the only person of them all, who used to keep her senses during the fit. In answer to many questions, she said, " I first feel a pain in my left foot, then in my head. Then my hands and feet shake, and I can't speak. And quickly I begin to jump or run." While we were talking she cried out, " O, I have a pain

in

in my foot. It is in my hand. It is here, at the bending of my arm. O my head, my head." Immediately her arms were stretched out, and were as an iron bar: I could not bend one of her fingers: And her body was bent backward; the lower part remaining quite erect, while her back formed exactly a half circle, her head hanging even with her hips. I was going to catch her; but one said, "Sir, you may let her alone; for they never fall." But I defy all mankind to account for her not falling, when the trunk of her body hung in that manner.

In many circumstances this case goes far beyond the famous one mentioned by *Boerhaave*: Particularly in that: their telling before, when and how they should be taken again. Whoever can account for this upon natural principles, has my free leave. I cannot: I therefore believe, if this be in part a natural distemper, there is something preternatural too. Yet supposing this, I can easily conceive, Satan will so disguise his part therein, that we cannot precisely determine, which part of the disorder is natural, and which preternatural.

Saturday 2. I rode to *Aberdeen* and preached in the evening in the College-hall, and at seven in the morning, Sunday 3. At four in the afternoon, I preached to a crowded audience in the College-Kirk at *Old Aberdeen*. At seven I preached in the College-close, at *New Aberdeen*. But the congregation was so exceeding large, that many were not able to hear. However many did hear; and I think, feel the application of *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God*.

We want nothing here but a larger house. And the foundation of one is laid already. It is true, we have little money, and the Society is poor. But we know in whom we have believed.

Thursday 8. I rode over to *Sir Archibald Grant's*, twelve computed miles from *Aberdeen*. 'Tis surprising to see, how the country between is impowered even within these three years. On every side the wild, dreary Moors are ploughed up, and covered with rising corn. All the ground near *Sir Archibald's*

in particular, is as well cultivated as most in *England*. About seven I preached. The Kirk was pretty well filled, though upon short notice. Certainly this is a nation *swift to hear, and slow to speak*, though not *slow to wrath*.

Mr. *Grant*, a gentleman from the county of *Murray*, came in soon after us: And understanding we were going north, desired we would call at the *Grange-green* in our way. In the morning, Friday 9, I rode to *Old Meldrum*, and preached in the Market-place at noon, to a large and serious congregation, among whom were the Minister and his wife. But I was more surprized, to see a company of our friends from *Aberdeen*, several of whom had come on foot, twelve old *Scotch* miles, and intended to walk back thither the same day. In the afternoon we rode on to *Banff*. I had designed to preach: but the stormy weather would not permit. We set out early on Saturday morning, and reached *Nairn* in the evening. Sunday 10. About eight we reached *Inverness*. I could not preach abroad, because of the rain, nor could I hear of any convenient room: So that I was afraid, my coming hither would be in vain, always seeming to be blocked up. At ten I went to the Kirk. After service, Mr. *Frazer*, one of the Ministers, invited us to dinner, and then to drink tea. As we were drinking tea, he asked, "At what hour I would please to preach?" I said, "At half hour past five. The High Kirk was filled in a very short time. And I have seldom found greater liberty of spirit. The other Minister came afterwards to our inn, and shewed the most cordial affection. Were it only for this day, I should not have regretted the riding an hundred miles."

Monday 11. A gentleman who lives three miles from the town, invited me to his house, assuring me, the Minister of his parish would be glad, if I would make use of his Kirk. But time would not permit, as I had appointed to be at *Aberdeen* on Wednesday. All I could do was, to preach once more at *Inverness*. I think the church was fuller now than before.

And

And I could not but observe the remarkable behaviour of the whole congregation after service. Neither man, woman, nor child spoke one word, all the way down the Main street. Indeed the seriousness of the people is the less surprising, when it is considered, that for at least an hundred years, this town has had such a succession of pious Ministers, as very few in *Great-Britain* have known.

After *Edinburgh*, *Glasgow*, and *Aberdeen*, I think *Inverness* is the largest town I have seen in *Scotland*. The main streets are broad and strait; the houses mostly old; but not very bad, nor very good. It stands in a pleasant and fruitful country, and has all things needful for life and godliness. The people in general speak remarkably good *English*, and are of a friendly, courteous behaviour.

About eleven we took horse. While we were dining at *Nairn*, the inn-keeper said, "Sir, the gentlemen of the town, have read the little book you gave me on Saturday, and would be glad if you would please to give them a Sermon." Upon my consenting, the bell was immediately rung, and the congregation was quickly in the Kirk. O what a difference is there between *South* and *North-Britain*! Every one here at least loves to hear the word of God. And none takes it into his head, to speak one uncivil word, to any for endeavouring to save their souls.

Doubting whether Mr. *Grant* was come home, Mr. *Kershaw*, called at the *Grange-green*, near *Farras*, while I rode forward. But Mr. *Grant* soon called me back. I have seldom seen a more agreeable place. The house is an old Castle, which stands on a little hill, with a delightful prospect all four ways. And the hospitable master left nothing undone, to make it still more agreeable. He shewed us all his improvements, which are very considerable in every branch of husbandry. In his gardens many things were more forward, than at *Aberdeen*, yea or *Newcastle*. And how is it, that none but one Highland gentleman has discovered, that we have a tree in *Britain*, as easily raised as an ash, the wood of which is

of full as fine a red as Mahogany! Namely, the *Liburnum*. I defy any Mahogany to exceed the chairs which he has lately made of this.

Thursday 12. We rode through the pleasant and fertile county of *Murray* to *Elgin*. I never suspected before, that there was any such country as this, near an hundred and fifty miles beyond *Edinburgh*: A country, which is supposed to have generally six weeks more sunshine in a year, than any part of *Great-Britain*.

At *Elgin* are the ruins of a noble cathedral, the largest that I remember to have seen in the kingdom. We rode thence to the *Spey*, the most rapid river next the *Rhine*, that I ever saw. Though the water was not breast-high to our horses, they could very hardly keep their feet. We dined at *Keith*, and rode on to *Strathbogie*, much improved by the linen manufacture. All the country from *Fochaber* to *Strathbogie*, has little houses scattered up and down. And not only the valleys, but the mountains themselves are improved with the utmost care. There want only more trees to make them more pleasant than most of the mountains in *England*. The whole family at our inn, eleven or 12 in number, gladly joined with us in prayer at night. Indeed so they did at every inn where we lodged. For among all the sins, they have imported from *England*, the *Scots* have not yet learned, at least not the common people, to scoff at sacred things.

Wednesday 13. We reached *Aberdeen* about one. Between six and seven, both this evening and the next, I preached in the Shell of the New House, and found it a time of much consolation. Friday 15. We set out early, and came to *Dundee*, just as the boat was going off. We designed to lodge at the house on the other side; but could not get either meat, drink, or good words. So we were constrained to ride on to *Coupar*. After travelling near ninety miles, I found no weariness at all. Neither were our horses hurt. Thou, O Lord, dost save both man and beast!

Saturday

Saturday 16. We had a ready passage at *Kinghorn*, and in the evening I preached on the *Kalton-hill*, to a very large congregation. But a still larger assembled at seven on Sunday morning in the *High School-yard*. Being afterwards informed, that the Lord's supper was to be administered in the *West Kirk*, I knew not what to do. But at length I judged it best to embrace the opportunity, though I did not admire the manner of Administration. After the usual morning service, the Minister enumerated several sorts of sinners, whom he forbade to approach. Two long tables were set on the sides of one isle, covered with table-cloths. On each side of them a bench was placed for the people. Each table held four or five and thirty. Three ministers sat at the top, behind a cross table; one of whom made a long exhortation, closed with the words of our Lord; and then breaking the bread, gave it to him who sat on each side him. A piece of bread was then given to him who sat first on each of the four benches. He broke off a little piece, and gave the bread to the next: So it went on, the Deacons giving more when wanted. A cup was then given to the first person on each bench, and so by one to another. The Minister continued his exhortation, all the time they were receiving. Then four verses of the twenty-second psalm were sung, while new persons sat down at the tables. A second Minister then prayed, consecrated, and exhorted. I was informed the service usually lasted till five in the evening. How much more simple, as well as more solemn, is the service of the church of *England*?

The evening congregation on the hill, was far the largest I have seen in the kingdom: And the most deeply affected. Many were in tears; more seemed cut to the heart. Surely this time will not soon be forgotten. Will it not appear in the annals of eternity?

Monday 18 I sat out early, and reached *Woller*, about four in the afternoon. Some friends from *Newcastle* met me here, and took me in a chaise to *Whittingham*.

tingham. Tuesday 19. After preaching about noon at *Morpeth*, we went on to *Newcastle*. The fire had not gone out since I was here. I felt it as soon as I began to speak : And so, it seems, did the whole congregation. At five in the morning the same spirit was in the midst of us, as well as at seven in the evening : But most of all at *the Fell*, while I was applying those words, *Believe and thou shalt be saved.*

Thursday 21. Leaving the house of God, I rode to *Carlisle*. The day was extremely sultry, so that I was faint and feverish in the evening. However the next day I got well to *Whitehaven*.

What has continually hurt this poor people is offence. I found the society now all in confusion, because a woman had "scolded with her neighbour," and another "stole a two-penny loaf." I talked largely with those, who had been most offended : And they stood reprov'd. Sunday 24. About seven I preached at *the Girs*, and the people flocked together from all quarters. The want of field-preaching has been one cause of deadness here. I do not find any great increase of the work of God without it. If ever this is laid aside, I expect the whole work will gradually die away.

Monday 25. I rode by *Keswick* to *Kendal*. The clouds shaded us most of the way, and the wind was just in our face ; otherwise we should scarce have been able to bear the heat. A few years since the fields here were white for the harvest. But the poor people have since been so harraßt, by Seceders, and disputers of every kind, that they are dry and dead as stones. Yet I think some of them felt the power of God this evening. And can he not out of *these stones, raise up children unto Abraham ?*

Tuesday 26. I preached abroad at five. And, I believe not in vain. Between nine and ten we reached *Black-Burton*, where there was a general awakening, till the jars between Mr. *Ingham* and *Allen* laid the people asleep again. However some are united again in a quiet, loving society, zealous of good works. I preached about eleven. Thence we rode

rode to *Long-Preston*, being still fanned by the wind, and (unless a few minutes now and then) shaded by the clouds. The congregation was exceeding serious. Hence I rode to *Shipton*, where sometime since, no *Methodist* preacher could appear. I preached in the evening near the bridge, without the least interruption. Nor did I find any weariness, after preaching four times, and riding fifty miles.

Wednesday 27. I rode to *Otley*. In the evening we had a large congregation, at the foot of the great mountain: after preaching in the morning, I examined those who believe they are saved from sin. They are a little increased in number since I met them last; and some of them much increased in love. This evening I preached at *Guiseley*, the next at *Kighley*, and on Saturday 30. at *Bradford*. This was a place of contention for many years. But since the contentious have quitted us, all is peace. Sunday July 1. I preached at seven to a more numerous congregation, than I believe ever assembled there before. And all were serious as death. About one I preached at *Birstal*, on *Now is the day of salvation*. The people stood by thousands, covering both the plain and the sides of the adjacent hill. It was a glorious opportunity. At five the congregation in *Leeds* was almost as large, but not so deeply affected.

Monday 2. I gave a fair hearing to two of our brethren, who had proved bankrupts. Such we immediately exclude from our society, unless it plainly appears, not to be their own fault. Both these were in a prosperous way, till they fell into that wretched trade of *Bill-broking*, wherein no man continues long, without being wholly ruined. By this means, not being sufficiently accurate in their accounts, they ran back without being sensible of it. Yet it was quite clear, that *I—R—* is an honest man: I would hope the same concerning the other.

Tuesday 3. I was reflecting on an odd circumstance, which I cannot account for. I never relish a tune at first hearing, not till I have almost learnt

Guiseley

learnt to sing it. And as I learn it more perfectly, I gradually lose my relish for it. I observe something similar in poetry; yea, in all the objects of imagination. I seldom relish verses at first hearing; till I have heard them over and over, they give me no pleasure: And they give me next to none, when I have heard them a few times more, so as to be quite familiar. Just so a face or a picture, which does not strike me at first, becomes more pleasing, as I grow more acquainted with it. But only to a certain point: for when I am too much acquainted, it is no longer pleasing. O how imperfectly do we understand, even the machine which we carry about us!

Thursday 5. I had the comfort of leaving our brethren at *Leeds*, united in peace and love. About one I preached in a meadow at *Wakefield*. At first the sun was inconvenient. But it was not many minutes before that inconvenience was removed, by the clouds coming between. We had not only a larger, but a far more attentive congregation, than ever was seen here before. One indeed, a kind of Gentleman, was walking away, with great unconcern, when I spoke aloud, "Does Gallio care for none of these things? But where will you go, with the wrath of God on your head, and the curse of God on your back?" He stopt short, stood still and went no farther, till the sermon was ended.

In the evening I preached on the top of the hill near *Dewsbury*, one of the pleasantest towns in *England*. The congregation was larger than ever before. They filled the preaching-house at five in the morning.

I had purposed to take horse early, to avoid the heat; but was detained till between nine and ten. It was then warm enough, there being no wind, and the sun shining full in our face. However before one we got to *Heptonstall*, where I preached in the shell of the new house. After service, one brought his daughter to me, who had been ill some months, just like those near *Brechin*. Her sister was

to two years since, and when that recovered, this was taken. How often must even physicians acknowledge spiritual agents, did not *the nerves* help them out as a dead list?

In the evening I preached at *Halifax*, where I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. V—, with whom in the morning, Saturday 7. I rode to *Huddersfield*, and preached between eleven and twelve: The church was pretty well filled, considering the short warning. At half hour after one we took horse. The sun shone burning hot, and the wind was in our back. But very soon the sky was overcast, and the wind changed and blew just in our face all the way to *Manchester*. It was with difficulty that I preached in the evening, my voice being exceeding weak: As I had preached three times a day for ten days, and many of the times abroad.

Sunday 8. I rode to *Stockport*, and preached at one on a Green at the end of the town. A few wild young men strove to make a disturbance. But none regarded them. At five I preached at *Manchester* on *one thing is needful*, and scarce knew how to leave off. At the meeting of the Society likewise, it pleased God to comfort us greatly. Monday 9. The stewards from various parts gave a good account of the work of God among them, steadily increasing on every side. In the evening, curiosity brought to the house, many *unbelievers*, in the proper sense, men who do not receive the Christian revelation. I preached on *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*, and proved them sinners on their own principles. Some of the stout-hearted trembled. I hope, to more purpose than poor *Felix* did.

Wednesday 11. I gave all our brethren a solemn warning, not to *love the world, or the things of the world*. This is one way whereby Satan will surely endeavour, to overthrow the present work of God. Riches swiftly increase on many Methodists, so called: What but the mighty power of God, can hinder their *setting their hearts upon them*? And if so, the life of God vanishes away.

About

About seven I preached in the street at *Bolton*, to twice or thrice as many as the room would have contained. It was a calm, still evening, and the congregation was as quiet as the season, though composed of awakened and unawakened, churchmen, dissenters, and what not? As many as the house would well contain were present again at five in the morning. About seven in the evening, the multitude of people constrained me to preach in the street, though it rained. But in a very short time, the rain stopped: And I strongly enforced our Lord's word, *If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.*

After Sermon, one was mentioning a person who according to his account was disordered just like those in *Scotland*. In the morning Friday 13, her father brought her over. Soon after she fell into a fit: But it was plainly natural. I judged it to be of the Epileptic kind: When she fell in o a second, I advised electrifying. The fit ceased by a very gentle shock. A third was removed in the same manner. And she was so well that her father found no difficulty in carrying her home behind him.

At ten I began to preach at *Wigan*, proverbially famous for all manner of wickedness. As I preached abroad, we expected some disturbance: but there was none at all. A few were wild at first; but in a little space, grew quiet and attentive. I did not find so civil a congregation as this, the first time I preached at *Bolton*.

To-day I wrote the following letter, which I desire may be seriously considered, by those to whom it belongs.

" Dear Sir,

" There was one thing when I was with you, that gave me pain. You are not in the Society. But why not? Are there not sufficient arguments for it, to move any reasonable man? Do you not hereby make an open confession of Christ, of what you really believe to be *his* work, and of those whom you judge to be in a proper sense, *his* people and his messengers?

Yours &c

senge
peop
And
share
by li
and
also
ings,
"
of li
expen
you
gosp
perv
join'
joinin
ber o
of th
who
repr
ed, c
once
thos
perfe
so str
ing t
stum
any
ed w
Wha
to c
kind
by th
God
spiri
dela
fake
join
for t
not
whic

sengers? By this means do not you encourage his people and strengthen the hands of his messengers? And is not this the way to enter into the spirit, and share the blessing of a Christian community? Hereby likewise you may have the benefit of the advices and exhortations at the meeting of the Society: And also of provoking one another, at the private meetings, to love and to good works.

“ The ordinary objections to such an union are of little weight with *you*. You are not afraid of the *expence*. You already give unto the Lord as much as you need do then. And you are not *ashamed* of the gospel of *Christ*, even in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. Perhaps you will say, “ I am join’d in *affection*.” True, but not to so good affect. This *joining half-way*, this being a friend to, but not a member of the Society, is by no means so open a confession of the work and servants of God. Many go thus far who dare not go farther, who are ashamed to bear the reproach of an entire union. Either, *you* are ashamed, or *you* are not. If *you* are, break through at once: If *you* are not, come into the light, and do what those well-meaning cowards dare not do. This imperfect union is not so *encouraging* to the people, not so *strengthening* to the preachers. Rather it is weakening their hands, hindering their work, and laying a stumbling-block in the way of others, for what can any man think, who knows *you* are so well acquainted with them, and yet do not join in their society? What can we think, but that *you* know them *too well* to come any nearer to them; that *you* know that kind of union to be *useless*, if not *hurtful*. And yet by this very union is the whole (external) work of God upheld throughout the nation; besides all the spiritual good which accrues to each member. O delay no longer, for the sake of the work, for the sake of the world, for the sake of your brethren, join them inwardly and outwardly, heart and hand, for the sake of your own soul. There is something not easily explained in the *fellowship of the Spirit*, which we enjoy with a Society of living Christians,

I

you

you have no need to give up your share therein, and in the various blessings that result from it. You have no need to exclude yourself from the benefit of the advice and exhortations given from time to time. These are by no means to be despised, even supposing you have yourself more understanding than him that gives them. You need not lose the benefit of those prayers, which experience shews are attended with a peculiar blessing, "But I do not care to meet a cross: I find no good in it." Suppose you find even a dislike, a loathing, of it; may not this be natural or even diabolical? In spite of this, break thro', make a fair trial. It is but a *Lion in the way*. Meet only six times, (with previous prayer) and see if it do not vanish away. But if it be a cross, still bear it for the sake of your brethren. "But I want to gain my friends and relations." If so, stand firm. If you give way, you hurt them, and they will press upon you the more. If you do not, you will probably gain them, otherwise you confirm both their wrong notions and wrong tempers. Because I love you I have spoken fully and freely; to know that I have not spoken in vain, will be a great satisfaction to

Your affectionate brother,

J. W."

In the evening I preached at *Liverpool*, and the next day. Sunday 15. The house was full enough. Many of the rich and fashionable were there, and behaved with decency. Indeed I have always observed more courtesy and humanity at *Liverpool*, than at most sea-ports in *England*.

Monday 16. In the evening, the house was fuller, if possible, than the night before. I preached on the *one thing needful*; and the rich behaved as seriously as the poor. Only one young gentlewoman, (I heard) laughed much. Poor thing! Doubtless she thought, "I laugh prettily."

Tuesday 17. I preached at *Warrington*. But what a change! No opposer, nor no trifler now! Every one heard us for life, while I explained and applied, *Why will ye die, O house of Israel?*

In

In the evening I preached in the Little Square, adjoining to the Preaching-house at *Chester*. There were many wild, rude people, but they were quite out-number'd by those that were civil and attentive. And I believe some impression was made on the wildest. What can shake Satan's Kingdom like *Field-preaching*?

Wednesday 18. I should have been glad of a day of rest. But notice had been given of my preaching at noon near *Tatten-hall*. The rain began almost as soon as we came in. So I could not preach abroad as I designed, but in a large commodious barn, where all that were present, seemed to receive the word of God with joy and reverence.

The congregation at *Chester*, in the evening was more numerous, and far more serious than the day before. There wants only a little more field-preaching here, and *Chester* would be as quiet as *London*.

Thursday 19. After preaching at *Little-Leigh*, I rode on to *Mauchefield*. Here I heard an agreeable account of Mrs. *R*—, who was in the Society at *London* from a child; but after she was married to a rich man, durst not own a poor, despised people. Last year she broke thro' and came to see me. A few words which I then spoke never left her, not even in the trying hour, during the illness which came a few months after. All her conversation was then in heaven: till feeling her strength quite exhausted, she said with a smile, "Death thou art welcome," and resigned her spirit.

I preached about Seven to an huge multitude of attentive hearers. Friday 20. At noon we made the same shift at *Congleton*, as when I was here last. I stood in the window, having put as many women as it would contain into the house. The rest, with the men, stood below in the meadow, and many of the townsmen, wild enough. I have scarce found such enlargement of heart, since I came from *Newcastle*. The brutes resisted long, but were at length overcome, not above five or six excepted. Surely

man shall not long have the upperhand ; God will get unto himself the victory.

It rained all the day, till seven in the evening, when I began preaching at *Borstem*. Even the poor potters here are a more civilized people, than the better sort, so called at *Congleton*. A few stood with their hats on, but none spoke a word, or offered to make the least disturbance.

Saturday 21. I rode to *Billbrook*, near *Wolverhampton*, and preached between two and three. Thence we went on to *Madeley*, an exceeding pleasant village encompassed with trees and hills. It was a great comfort to me, to converse once more with a Methodist of the old stamp, denying himself taking up his cross, and resolved to be altogether a Christian.

Sunday 22. At ten Mr. *Fletcher* read prayers, and I preached on those words in the Gospel, *I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep*. The church would nothing near contain the congregation. But a window near the pulpit being taken down, those who could not come in, stood in the church-yard, and I believe all could hear. The congregation, they said, used to be much smaller, in the afternoon than in the morning. But I could not discern the least difference, either in number or seriousness.

I found employment enough for the intermediate hours, in praying with various companies, who hung about the house, insatiably hungry and thirsting after the good word. Mr. *Grimshaw*, at his first coming to *Haworth*, had not such a prospect as this. There are many adversaries indeed ; but yet they cannot shut the open and effectual door.

Monday 23. The church was pretty well filled even at five, and many stood in the churchyard. In the Evening I preached at *Shrewsbury*, to a large congregation, among whom were several men of fortune. I trust, tho' hitherto we seem to have been ploughing on the sand, there will at last be some fruit.

The next day I spent at *Shrewsbury*. Wednesday 25. I took horse a little after four, and about two preached

preached in the Market-house at *Lamidlos*, two or three and forty miles from *Shrewsbury*. At three we rode forward thro' the mountains, to the *Fountain-head*. I was for lodging there; but Mr. B. being quite unwilling, we mounted again about seven. After having rode an hour, we found we were quite out of the way, having been wrong directed at setting out. We were then told, to ride over some grounds: but our path soon ended in the edge of a bog: However we got thro' to a little house, where an honest man instantly mounting his horse, galloped before us, up hill and down, till he brought us into a road, which he said led strait to *Roes-fair*. We rode on, till another met us and said, No, this is the way to *Aberystwith*. If you would go to *Roes-fair*, you must turn back, and ride down to yonder bridge. The master of a little house near the bridge, then directed us to the next village: Where we enquired again, (it being past nine) and were once more sat exactly wrong. Having wandered an hour upon the mountains, thro' rocks, and bogs and precipices, we with abundance of difficulty got back, to the little house near the bridge. It was vain to think of rest there, it being full of drunken, roaring miners: Beside that there was but one bed in the house, and neither grass, nor hay, nor corn to be had. So we hired one of them to walk with us to *Roes-fair*, tho' he was miserably drunk, till by falling all his length in a purling stream, he came tolerably to his senses. Between eleven and twelve we came to the inn; but neither here could we get any hay. When we were in bed, the good ostler and miner, thought good to mount our beasts. I believe, it was not long before we rose, that they put them into the stable. But the mule was cut in several places, and my mare was bleeding like a pig, from a wound behind, two inches deep, made, it seemed, by a stroke with a pitch-fork. What to do we could not tell, till I remembered, I had a letter for one Mr. *Nathaniel Williams*, whom upon enquiry, I found to live but a mile off. We walked thither, and found an

Israelite indeed, who gladly received both man and beast.

After I had got a little rest, Mr. *W.* desired me to give an exhortation to a few of his neighbours. None was more struck therewith, than one of his own family, who before cared for none of these things. He sent a servant with us after dinner to *Tregarron*, from whence we had a plain road to *Lampeter*.

Friday 27. We rode thro' a lovely vale, and over pleasant and fruitful hills to *Camarthen*. Thence after a short bait, we went on to *Pembroke*, and came before I was expected. So I rested that night, having not quite recovered my journey from *Shrewsbury* to *Ross-fair*.

Sunday 29. The minister of *St. Mary's* sent me word, He was very willing I should preach in his church: But before service began, the mayor sent to forbid it. So he preached a very useful sermon himself. The mayor's behaviour so disgusted many of the gentry, that they resolved to hear where they could. And accordingly flocked together in the evening, from all parts of the town. And perhaps the taking up this cross may profit them more, than my sermon in the church would have done.

Monday 30. I rode to *Haverfordwest*. But no notice had been given, nor did any in the town know of my coming. However after a short time I walked up toward the castle, and began singing an hymn. The people presently ran together from all quarters. They have curiosity at least. And some, I cannot doubt, were moved by a nobler principle. Were zealous and active labourers here, what an harvest might there be, even in this corner of the land!

We returned thro' heavy rain to *Pembroke*. Tuesday 31. We set out for *Glamorganshire*, and rode up and down steep and stoney mountains, for about five hours, to *Larn*. Having procured a pretty ready passage there, we went on to *Llanstuthan* ferry: Where we were in some danger of being swallowed up in the mud, before we could reach the water.

Between

Between one and two we reached *Kidwelly*, having been more than seven hours on horseback, in which time we could have rode round by *Carmarthen*, with more ease both to man and beast. I have therefore taken my leave of these ferries : Considering we save no time by crossing them, (not even when we have a ready passage) and so have all the trouble, danger, and expence, clear gains. I wonder therefore that any man of common sense, who has once made the experiment, should ever ride from *Pembroke* to *Swansey*, any other way than by *Carmarthen*.

An honest man at *Kidwelly*, told us, there was no difficulty in riding the sands. So we rode on. In ten minutes one overtook us, who used to guide persons over them. And it was well he did, or in all probability, we had been swallowed up. The whole sands are at least ten miles over, with many streams of quicksands intermixt. But our guide was thro'ly acquainted with them, and with the road on the other side. By his help, between five and six, we came well tired to *Oxwysh* in *Gower*.

Gower, is a large tract of land, bounded by *Brecknockshire* on the north-east, the sea on the south-west, and rivers on the other sides. Here all the people talk *English*, and are in general, the most plain, loving people in *Wales*. It is therefore no wonder, that they receive the word, with all readiness of heart.

Knowing they were scattered up and down, I had sent two persons on Sunday, that they might be there early on Monday, and so sent notice of my coming all over the country. But they came to *Oxwysh* scarce a quarter of an hour before me, so that the poor people had no notice at all. Nor was there any to take us in; the person with whom the preacher used to lodge, being three miles out of town. After I had stay'd a while in the street, (for there was no public house) a poor woman gave me house-room. Having had nothing since breakfast, I was very willing to eat or drink : but she simply told me, "She had nothing in the house but a dram of gin." However I afterwards procured a dish of tea
at

at another house, and was much refreshed. About seven I preached to a little company, and again in the morning. They were all attention: so that even for the sake of this handful of people, I did not regret my labour.

Aug 1

Wednesday, Aug. 1. It was with difficulty I reached Cowbridge, about one, where the congregation was waiting. I found they had had heavy rain great part of the day: but very little fell upon us. Nor do I remember, that from the beginning of March till now, we have been in more than one heavy shower of rain, either in England, Scotland, or Wales.

I preached in the evening at Llandaff, and on Thursday 2, in the town-hall at Cardiff. Saturday 4, we crossed at the New-Passage, and rode on to Bristol.

Sunday 5. I preached in Princes-street at eight at two under the sycamore-tree at Kingwood, and at five near King's-square, in Bristol. How many thousands in this city, do see in this their day, the things that belong to their peace!

On Monday the 6th our conference began: The great point I now laboured for was, a good understanding with all our brethren of the clergy, who are heartily engaged in propagating vital religion. Saturday 11. I took chaise early, in the morning, and at night came safe to London.

Sunday 12. In the afternoon I preached in Moorfields on those comfortable words, *Believe in the Lord, Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* Thousands heard with calm and deep attention. This also hath God wrought!

Monday 13. I was again as fully employed as at the conference, in visiting classes from morning till night. Saturday 18. I preached for the first time in our new chappel at Snow-fields, on *O how amiable are thy tabernacles, thou Lord of Hosts!*

Sunday 19. Meeting with a pious and sensible man, who was born in the Isle of Skie, I said, "Tell me freely: Did you yourself ever know a second-fighted man?" He answered after a little pause, "I have known more than one or two." I said, "But were

were they not deceivers? How do you know they were really such?" He replied, "I have been in company with them, when they dropped down as dead. Coming to themselves, they looked utterly amazed and said, "I have been in such a place, and I saw such and such persons" (perhaps fifty miles off) die in such a manner." And when enquiry was made, I never could find, that they were mistaken in one circumstance. But the reason why it is so hard for you to get any information concerning this is, those who have the *second-sight*, count it a great misfortune. And it is thought a scandal to their family."

Monday 20. I went to *Canterbury*, and opened our *new chappel*, by preaching on *One thing is needful*. How is it, that many Protestants, even in *England*, do not know, That no other consecration of church or chapel is *allow'd* much less required in *England*, than the performance of public worship therein? This is the only consecration of any church in *Great Britain*, which is *necessary*, or even *lawful*. It is true, Archbishop *Laud* composed a *Form of Consecration*: but it was never *allow'd*, much less *established* in *England*. Let this be remembered by all who talk so idly, of preaching in *unconsecrated* places!

Wednesday 22. I had designed to return to *London*; but being importuned to pay a visit first to *Sandwich*, I went over, and preached about ten, to a dull, but attentive congregation. Immediately after service we set out for *Dover*. In the way we were on the point of being dashed in pieces: the chariot wheels running within two or three inches or less of the edge of a bank ten or twelve feet high. I preached in *Dover* at two, and returned time enough for the service at *Canterbury*. Thursday 23. I preached at *Bednel-Green*, and in the evening at the *Foxndery*.

Monday 27. I saw a pattern of patience, *John Matthews*, daily dying of a consumption, but in constant pain, weakness, weariness and want of sleep, calmly giving himself up to God.

Sunday,

Sept
 Sunday, Sept. 2. After a toilsome, yet comfortable day, I set out in the machine, and on Monday evening came to *Bristol*, as fresh as I left *London*.

Monday 10. I rode to *Shepton-Mallet*, I preached at noon on *One thing is needful*. Only one man, a common disturber, behaved amiss. I was constrained to rebuke him sharply. All the people turned their eyes upon him; and for once he was ashamed. In the evening I preached at *Bayford*, near *Wintaunton*, and at seven in the morning, Wednesday 12, I returned to *Bristol*, and at six in the evening preached on *Redeleft-hill*. Many were here who I suppose never heard me before. And attention sat on every face.

Thursday 13. I spent an hour in Lord —'s gardens, or more properly woods. They are small to the late Duke of *Kent's* in *Bedfordshire*, and therefore not capable of so much variety: but for the size, it is not possible for any thing of the kind to be more agreeable. And the situation, on the top of an high hill, in one of the fruitfulest counties in *England*, gives them an advantage which even *Stow* gardens have not. Yet happiness is not in these shades! And if it were, yet

How long? How soon will they upbraid
 Their transitory master dead?

Monday 17. About noon I preached at *Bath*. The day before Mr. *Davis* had preached abroad. One fruit of this was, the congregation was larger now than I remember it to have been these seven years. Thence I rode to *Comb-Grove*, an house built in a large grove, on the side of an high, steep hill. I found Mrs. — the same still, with regard to her liveliness, but not her wildness; in this she was much altered. I preached at five to a small, serious congregation. And I believe few were sent empty away.

Two persons from *London*, who were at *Bath* for their health, had walked over to the preaching. Afterwards

Afterwards we all spent an hour in singing and serious conversation. The fire kindled more and more, 'till Mrs. — asked, "If I would give her leave to pray?" Such a prayer I never heard before, it was perfectly an original: odd and unconnected, made up of disjointed fragments: and yet like a flame of fire. Every sentence went thro' my heart, and I believe the heart of every one present. For many months I have found nothing like it. It was good for me to be here.

Tuesday 18. I preached again in the court yard at seven; and it was now, that one of the servants, who was in tears the night before, was thoroughly convinced that God had blotted out all her sins. About noon I preached to a large congregation at *Freshford*, on *Now is the day of salvation*. A little before six, being determined to be no longer cooped up in the room at *Bradford*, I began in the main street, near the bridge. In a very short time a multitude of people ran together, and listened with all attention, 'till an impetuous shower drove part of them away. The rest would not stir 'till I concluded. I then gave notice of meeting the society: but a crowd of people pressed in with them. Seeing their earnestness, I was unwilling to hinder: so we had quickly another large congregation. And I know not if we have had such a season at *Bradford*, for twice seven years before.

Wednesday 19. At five we had such a congregation as does not use to meet here at that hour. At nine I preached again at *Comb-Grove*, and found again that God was there.

Is not this an instance of ten thousand, of God's chusing the foolish things of the world to confound the wise? Here is one that has not only a weak natural understanding, but an impetuosity of temper, bordering upon madness. And hence both her sentiments are confused, and her expressions odd and indigested. And yet notwithstanding this, more of the real power of God attends these uncouth expressions,

sions, than the sensible discourses of even good men, who have twenty times her understanding.

Thus I have many times known God attach his power to the words of extremely weak men. The humble overlooked the weakness of the men, and rejoiced in the power of God. But all his power is unacknowledged, unfelt by those, who stumble at the weakness of the instrument.

I reached *Bristol* time enough to preach in the evening upon *Redclift-hill*. A malignant fever had lately broke out upon the very spot, which much increased the number and seriousness of the congregation.

Saturday 22. I was much refreshed by hearing the experience of *Mary G—*, once a determined enemy to the doctrine of perfection, opposing it with great eagerness and many reasons; but now an happy witness of it. During her hottest opposition, she never could rest in any known sin. And this at length made both pride and anger so exceeding bitter to her, that she could have no peace 'till she was fully delivered from them.

Sunday 23. I do not know whether we have had so large a congregation these twenty years as this evening, at the *new Square*. Surely the wise world will not impute this to novelty: unless because the grace of God is ever new.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday I visited the societies in *Somersetshire*. On the following days I met the classes in *Bristol*, and narrowly enquired into the character and behaviour of each person: the rather because it had been strongly affirmed, That there were many disorderly walkers in the society. I found an woman and one man, who, I am afraid, deserved that character. Let any one that is more clear sighted than me, find two more, and I will thank him.

Sunday 30. The whole society met in the evening, and jointly renewed their covenant with God, in the form recommended by Mr. *Richard Allen*. And many felt that God was there. It was a day of
his

his power not to be forgotten, a day both of godly sorrow and strong consolation.

Monday, October 1. I left *Bristol* with joy, having seen the fruit of my labour. At noon I preached at *Comb-Grove*, to a small congregation of earnest, simple people. I had designed to preach in the evening at *Bradford*, in the same place I did before; but Mr. R. at whose door I then stood, had now altered his mind. So I was constrained to preach in our own room, to (comparatively) an handful of people.

Tuesday 2. I breakfasted at the *Devizes*, with Mr. B——, a black Swan, an honest Lawyer! Hence we rode thro' a most intricate road to *Pewsey*. I found a neighbouring gentleman had been there, moving every stone, to prevent my preaching. I was informed, his first design was, to raise a mob. Then he would have had the Church-wardens interpose. Whether they intended it or no, I cannot tell; but they neither did nor said any thing. The congregation filled a great part of the church, and were all deeply attentive. Surely good will be done in this place, if it be not prevented by a mixture of various doctrines. Wednesday 3. I rode to *Salisbury*, and going slowly forward, on Saturday 6, I came to *London*.

Sunday 7. I preached in the morning at *Snowfields*, and afterwards at *West-Street*. We had a glorious opportunity at the Lord's Supper. The rocks were broken in pieces. At five I preached in *Moorfields* to an huge multitude, on *Ye are saved thro' faith*. A little before twelve I took the Machine for *Norwich*. Monday 8. We dined at *Bury*, where a gentlewoman came into the coach, with whom I spent most of the afternoon in close conversation and singing praises to God.

Tuesday 9. I was desired to meet Mr. B. and we had a good deal of conversation together. He seems to be a person of middling sense, but a most unpleasing address. I would hope, he has some little experience of religion: but it does not appear to advantage, as he is extremely hot, impetuous, overbearing,

ing, and impatient of contradiction. He hooked me unawares into a little dispute; but I cut it short as soon as possible, knowing neither was likely to convince the other. So we met and parted in peace.

Wednesday 10. I went to *Yarmouth*, where the earnest congregation, was gathered at short warning. Thursday 11. I was desired to go to *Leostoffe* in *Sussex*, nine miles south-east of *Yarmouth*. The use of a large place had been offered, which would contain abundance of people. But when I was come, Mr. *Roman* had changed his mind. So I preached in the open air. A wilder congregation I have not seen; but the bridle was in their teeth. All attended, and a considerable part seemed to understand something of what was spoken. Nor did any behave uncivilly when I had done: and I believe a few did not lose their labour.

It was easy in the evening to observe the different spirit of the congregation at *Yarmouth*. Almost all seemed to feel the power of God, and many were filled with consolation.

Friday 12. I returned to *Norwich*, and enquired into the state of the Society. I have seen no people in all *England* or *Ireland* so changeable as this. This Society in 1755 consisted of eighty-three members: Two years after of an hundred and thirty-four: In 1758 it was shrunk to an hundred and ten. In March 1759 we took the Tabernacle; and within a month the Society was increased to above seven hundred and sixty. But nearly five hundred of these had formerly been with *James Wheatly*, and having been scattered abroad, now ran together, they hardly knew why. Few of them were thoroughly awakened, most, deeply ignorant, all *bullocks unaccustomed to the yoke*, having never had any rule or order among them, but every man doing what was right in his own eyes. It was not therefore strange, that the next year, only five hundred and seven of these were left. In 1761 they were farther reduced, namely to four hundred and twelve. I cannot tell how it was, that in 1762 they were increased again

to six hundred and thirty. But the moon soon changed, so that in 1763 they were shrunk to three hundred and ten. This large reduction was owing to the with-drawing the Sacrament, to which they had been accustomed from the time the Tabernacle was built. They are now sunk to an hundred and seventy four. And now probably the tide will turn again.

Sunday 14. At seven I clearly and strongly described the height and depth of Christian Holiness. And (what is strange) I could not afterward find, that any one person was offended. At ten we had a congregation indeed; I trust all of one heart. I went, as usual, to the Cathedral in the afternoon, and heard a sound practical sermon. About five our great congregation met, and (what has seldom been known) very quietly. We were equally quiet at the meeting of the Society, which met now for the first time on a Sunday evening. So has God stilled the madness of the people. Are not the hearts of all men in his hand?

Monday 15. At the request of many, I had given notice of a Watch-night. We had but an indifferent prelude: Between six and seven, the mob gathered in great numbers, made an huge noise, and began to throw large stones against the outward doors. But they had put themselves out of breath before eight, so that when the service begun, they were all gone.

Tuesday 16. In the evening the whole congregation seemed not a little moved, while I was enforcing those solemn words, *He died for all, that they who live might not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him that died for them and rose again.* The same was observable, and that in an higher and higher degree, the two following evenings. If I could stay here a month, I think there would be a society little inferior to that at *Bristol*. But it must not be: They who will bear sound doctrine *only from me*, must still believe a lie.

Saturday 20. My horses meeting me at *Burntwood*, I rode on to *Luton-Stone*, and preached to a serious congregation, on *I will: be thou clean*. The following week I made a little tour thro' part of *Kent* and *Sussex*, where some of our brethren swiftly increase in goods. Do they increase in grace too? If not, let them take care that their money do not perish with them.

Nov. Sunday, Nov. 4. I proposed to the leaders, the assisting the society for the reformation of manners, with regard to their heavy debt. One of them asked, "Ought we not to pay our own debt first?" After some consultations, it was agreed to attempt it. The general debt of the society in *London*, occasioned chiefly by repairing the Foundery, and chapels, and by building at *Wapping* and *Snow-fields*, was about nine hundred pounds. This I laid before the society in the evening, and desired them all to set their shoulders to the work, either by a present contribution, or by subscribing what they could pay, on the first of January, February or March.

Monday 5. My scraps of time this week I employed in setting down my present *Thoughts upon a single Life*, which indeed are just the same they have been these thirty years. And the same they must be, unless I give up my bible.

Thursday 8, at ten and (and so every morning) I met the preachers that were in town, and read over with them the "Survey of the wisdom of God in the creation." Many pupils I had at the university; and I took some pains with them. But to what effect? What is become of them now? How many of them think either of their tutor or their God? But, blessed be God, I have had some pupils since, who will reward me for my labour. Now I live: for *ye stand fast in the Lord*.

Monday 12. I retired to *Hoxton*, to answer what was personal in the letters ascribed to Mr. *Hervy*. How amazing is the power of prejudice! Were it not for this, every one who knew him and me, would have cried out with indignation, "Whatever Mr.

W.

W. was, none can commend or excuse Mr. H. Such bitterness he ought not to have shewn, to his most cruel enemy. How much less to the guide of his youth? To one he owns to have been his "Father and his friend?"

Monday 19, and the other afternoons of this week, I took up my cross, and went in person, to the principal persons in our Society, in every part of the town. By this means within six days near six hundred pounds were subscribed toward the public debt. And what was done, was done with the utmost cheerfulness. I remember but one exception. Only one gentleman squeezed out ten shillings, as so many drops of blood.

Saturday, December 1. M. B. gave me a farther account of their affairs at *Luton-Stone*. It is exactly *Pietas Hallensis* in miniature. What will be, does not yet appear. *Qu*

Tuesday 4. I made a little excursion to *Colchester*. Saturday 8. I saw one who many years ago, was a minister of God to us for good, in repressing the madness of the people; Sir *John Gonson*, who was near fifty years a magistrate, and has lived more than ninety. He is majestic in decay: Having few wrinkles, and not stooping at all, the just dropping into the grave, having no strength, and little memory or understanding. Well might that good man, Bishop *Stratford* pray, "Lord, let me not live to be useless!" And he had his desire: He was struck with a palsy in the evening, praised God all night, and died in the morning.

Monday 10. and the three following days, I visited *Canterbury*, *Dover*, and *Sandwich*, and returned to *London*, on Friday 14. In the machine I read Mr. *Baxter's* book upon apparitions. It contains several well-attested accounts. But there are some which I cannot subscribe to. How hard is it, to keep the middle way! Not to believe too little, or too much!

Sunday 16. I buried Mrs. *Prior*, housekeeper to Mr. *P.* who told me, "On — night, just at one I rung, and said to my man coming in, "Mrs. *Prior* is dead. She just now came into my room, and walk-

ed round my bed. About two, the nurse came, and told me, she was dead. I asked, at what time she died? And was answered, just at one o'clock."

Thursday 27. I preached and administered the sacrament at the New Chappel in *Snowfields*. How well does God order all things! By losing the former chappel we have gained both a better house and a larger congregation.

Friday 28. Between two and three in the morning, I was sent for to *John Matthews*. For some months he had frequently said, "I have no more doubt of being in heaven, than if I was there already." A little before we came, one asked, "How do you do now?" He answered,

"The Lord protects, for ever near." When I came in, he was perfectly sensible, but too weak to speak. Just at three I began to pray. I had scarce prayed two minutes, when without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, he fell asleep.

A man of so faultless a behaviour, I have hardly ever been acquainted with. During twenty years, I do not remember his doing or saying any thing, which I would wish to have unsaid or undone.

Monday 31. I thought it would be worth while, to make an odd experiment. Remembering how surprisingly fond of music, the Lion at *Edinburgh* was, I determined to try, whether this was the case with all animals of the same kind. I accordingly went to the tower with one who plays on the German flute. He began playing, near four or five lions. Only one of these (the rest not seeming to regard it at all) rose up, came to the front of his den, and seemed to be all attention. Mean time a tyger in the same den started up, leaped over the lions back, turned and ran under his belly, leaped over him again, and so to and fro incessantly. Can we account for this by any principle of Mechanism? Can we account for it all?

1765 Tuesday, January 1, 1765. This week I wrote an answer to a warm letter, published in the *London Magazine*, the author whereof is much displeased, that

that I presume to doubt of the modern astronomy. I cannot help it. Nay, the more I consider, the more my doubts increase. So that at present I doubt, whether any man on earth knows either the distance or magnitude, I will not say, of a fixt star, of *Saturn*, or *Jupiter*: yea, of the sun or moon.

Sunday 6. The whole society met in the evening. The service lasted from five till near nine. And I do not remember so solemn a season, since the first time we join'd in renewing our covenant with God.

Wednesday 7. In the evening I preached at *High-Wycomb*: and Tuesday 8, at *Witney*. The congregation here, tho' of so late standing, may be a pattern to all *England*. When the service was ended, no one spoke, either in the evenings or mornings. All went silently out of the house and yard. Nay, when I followed a large part of them, I did not hear any open their lips, till they came to their own houses. Thursday 10. I preached again at *Wycombe*, and on Friday returned to *London*.

Saturday 12. I rode to Mr. D—'s, at *Odington* in *Essex*, about six and fifty miles from the Foundery.

Sunday 13. Notwithstanding the rain, the church was pretty well filled. And all gave earnest heed, while I opened and applied those words in the second lesson, *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

Tisbury church is considerably larger than this: accordingly the congregation was much larger than that in the morning. But I did not see one careless or inattentive person. All seemed resolved, to seek the Lord while he may be found. At seven in the evening I preached again, to a small company in Mr. D.'s house, on fellowship with the Father and the Son. Tuesday 15, I returned to *London*.

Sunday 20. I looked over Mr. —'s strange book on the life of faith. I thought, nothing could ever exceed Mr. I—'s: but really, this does: altho' they differ not an hair's breadth from each other: any more than Mr. *Sandman*.

I em.

I employed all my leisure hours this week in revising my letters and papers. Abundance of them I committed to the flames. Perhaps some of the rest may see the light when I am gone.

Friday 31. I was considering, how it was, that so many who were once filled with love, are now weak and faint. And the case is plain: the invariable rule of God's proceedings is, *From him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath.* Hence it is impossible that any should retain what they receive, without improving it. Add to this, that the more we have received, the more of care and labour is required, the more watchfulness and prayer, the more circumspection and earnestness in all manner of conversation. Is it any wonder then, that they who forget this, should soon lose what they had received? Nay, who were taught to forget it? Not to watch! Not to pray—under pretence of *praying always.*

Wednesday 13. I heard *Ruth*, an oratorio, performed at Mr. Madan's chappel. The sense was admirable throughout; and much of the poetry not contemptible. This join'd with exquisite music might possibly make an impression, even upon rich and honourable sinners.

Monday 18. I set out for *Norwich*, and spent a few days there with more comfort than I had ever done before. The congregations were not only more numerous than ever, but abundantly more serious. And the society appeared to be more settled, and more loving to each other. Monday 25. In my way to *Yarmouth* I read Dr. Watts, on "the improvement of the understanding." He has many just and useful observations, mixt with some that are not just, and with more that are of little use, besides that they are trite and obvious. I preached at seven in a preaching-house built for the General Baptists; one of the most elegant buildings I have seen; which was well filled both this and the following evening with serious and attentive hearers. There now seems to be a general call for this town: surely some will.

will hear the voice that raises the dead. We returned to *Norwich* on Wednesday, and left it on Thursday morning, in a wonderful day of frost and snow, and fleet and wind. However we reached *Lakenheath* in the afternoon. Considering the weather, there was a large congregation. Mr. I. read prayers and I preached, with great liberty of spirit, on *What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*

Friday, March 1. I read prayers and preached at seven in the morning. It was noon before we could procure a post-chaise. We then pushed on, tho' the snow lay deep on the ground, to the great inn at *Hockerill*, the dearest house I ever was at. So fare it well. In the morning we went on to *London*.

Sunday 10. I made a collection in our congregation for the poor weavers who are out of employment. It amounted to about forty pounds. In the evening our own society met, and contributed fourteen pounds more, to relieve a few of their own distressed members.

Monday 11. I took horse with Mr. *Pennington* for *Bristol*. In two or three hours my mare fell lame, without any discernable cause; and in an hour or two after, the beast he rode was taken ill, and grew worse and worse, 'till she dropt down and died. So I was glad to go into a machine which was driving by; and the next evening I reached *Bristol*.

Monday 18. I rode to *Stroud*, and in the evening preached in the new house. But a considerable part of the congregation were obliged to stand without. Toward the close of the sermon, a young man dropt down and vehemently cried to God. This occasioned a little hurry at first: but it was soon over, and all was quiet as before.

After supper I was speaking a little, when a young gentleman cried out, "I am damned," and fell to the ground. A second did so quickly after, and was much convulsed, and yet quite sensible. We joined in prayer, but had not time (it growing

growing late) to wrestle with God for their full deliverance.

Tuesday 19. We rode to *Worcester*, and had the pleasure of spending an hour with Mr. R—, a sensible, candid man. But who is proof against prejudice? Especially when those who labour to infuse it, converse with him daily, and those who strive to remove it, not two hours in a year.

We came to *Birmingham* in the evening, and had a comfortable season with the great congregation. Wednesday 20 M. L. took me in a Post-chaise to *Darby*, where the New House was thoroughly filled: And people behaved in a quite different manner, from what they did when I was here last. Thursday 21. We went on, tho' with much difficulty, being often ready to stick fast, to *Sheffield*. The house here is full twice as large as it was. And so is the congregation. The little differences which had been for some time among the people, were now easily adjusted. And I left them all, united in love, and resolved to strengthen each other's hands.

Saturday 23. We took horse in a furious wind, which was ready to bear us away. About ten I preached in *Bradwell*, in the *High-Peak*, where notwithstanding the storm, abundance of people were got together. I had now an opportunity of enquiring, concerning Mr. B—. He did run well; till one offence after another swallowed him up. But he scarce enjoyed himself after. First his oldest daughter was snatched away. Then his only son: then himself. And only two or three of that large family now remain.

Sunday 24. At seven I preached at *Manchester*, on *I beseech you, suffer the word of exhortation*, and observed, that the exhortation which it is particularly difficult to suffer, is that to accept of salvation now, and now to improve that whole grace of God. The evening congregation was far larger than the house could contain, and all seemed to have the hearing ear.

Tuesday 26. It rained all the way to *Little Leigh*: but from thence we had a pleasant ride to *Chester*.

As

As several ships were ready to sail from *Park-gate*, I waited here two days. But the wind continuing foul, on Friday 19. I crossed over to *Liverpool*. I was surprized at the evening congregations, particularly on Sunday. The house, even with the addition of three new galleries, would not near contain the congregation: And I never before observed the word to take such effect upon them. So that I was not sorry, the wind continued in the same point, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Only it shifted a little on Wednesday morning: on which some impatient captains sailed immediately. But in a few hours it came full west again: So that they were glad to get well back.

Thursday, April 4. I rode to *Bolton*, and not being expected, was the more welcome. The house was filled in the evening, and the hearts of many filled with joy and peace in believing. April 5, being Good-friday, Mr. *Johnson* preached at five: I preached at twelve and at six. What a blessed calm has God at length given to this poor, shattered society. For many years the men of bitter and contentious spirits, were harrassing them continually. But they are now sunk into quiet, formal Presbyterians: And those they have left to enjoy God and one another.

Saturday 6. I returned to *Liverpool*: And on Wednesday 10, the wind continuing west, I set out northward, and in the evening, found a friends house, *James Edmondson's*, near *Garstang*. Thursday 11. We rode on to *F——s G——s*, at *Kendal*, where there is now a real work of God. The genuine gospel now takes root, and sinners are converted to God.

Saturday 13. We rode thro' much wind and rain to *Barnard-castle*. In the evening I preached in the New Preaching-house, (not opened before) and at eight in the morning. I would have preached abroad on Sunday evening: But the weather drove us into the house. And God was there, both to invite sinners, and to comfort believers.

After-

Afterwards I spent an hour with those, who once believed they were saved from sin. I found here, as at *London*, about a third part, who held fast their confidence. The rest had suffered loss, more or less, and two or three were shorn of all their strength.

Monday 15. I rode on to *Newcastle*, where I was quite unexpected. I found, both the hearers, the society, and the believers, are increased since I was here last. And several more, believe they are saved from sin. Mean time Satan has not been idle. Two were following *George Bell* step by step, as to the "not needing self-examination," the "not being taught by man," and most of his other unscriptural extravagancies: But as they appeared to be still of an advisable spirit, for the present at least, the snare was broken.

Thursday 18. I went to *Durham* with Miss *Lewen*, and spent an hour with her father. He behaved with the utmost civility: Said, I had done his daughter more good, than all the physicians could do: And he should be exceeding glad, if she would go to *London* again, at the approach of winter. At three I preached to the poor colliers in *Gateshead Fell*. How do these shame the colliers of *Kingwood*? Flocking from all parts on the week-days as well as Sundays; such a thirst have they after the good word!

Friday 19. I had a little time with that venerable monument of the grace of God, *Henry Jackson*. He is just dropping into the grave, being now quite bed-ridden, but praising God with every breath.

Monday 22. Two of our friends took me in a post-chaise to *Alnwick*. But the road was so intolerably bad, that we did not reach it till past twelve. I began preaching immediately, and then hastened away. On *Berwick* moor we were ready to stick fast again. And it was past seven before I reached the town, where I found notice had been given of my preaching. Hearing the congregation waited for me, I went to the town-hall, and began without delay. About one in the morning we had a violent storm of thunder and lightning. The house being full of

dragons,

dragoo
lodge
being
began
portun
seeme
they r

Tu
and i
quite
ters,
print
deal
in th
the f

noon
living
bless
leav
ride
fwe

larg

Th

wit

eve

ing

ed

If

of

ga

ta

ya

as

T

ap

f

A

v

T

dragoons, *M. L.* and *M. D.* were constrained to lodge in the same room with our landlady, who being waked by the storm, and thoroughly terrified, began praying aloud. *M. D.* laid hold on the opportunity, to speak very closely to her. The words seemed to sink into her heart. Who knows, but they may bring forth fruit?

Tuesday 23. I preached at *Dunbar* about noon, and in the evening at *Edinburgh*. My coming was quite seasonable, (tho' unexpected) as those bad letters, published in the name of *Mr. Hervey*, and reprinted here by *Mr. John Erskine*, had made a great deal of noise. Wednesday 24. I preached at four in the afternoon on the ground where we have laid the foundation of our house. Friday 26. About noon I preached at *Musselborough*, where are a few living souls still. In the evening we had another blessed opportunity at *Edinburgh*, and I took a solemn leave of the people. Yet how I should be able to ride, I knew not. At *Newcastle* I had observed a small swelling, less than a pea; but in six days it was as large as a pullet's egg, and exceeding hard. On Thursday it broke. I feared riding would not agree with this, especially an hard-trotting horse. However trusting God I sat out early on Saturday morning; before I reached *Glasgow*, it was much decreased: And in two or three days more it was quite gone. If it was a boil, it was such an one as I never heard of. For it was never sore first or last, nor ever gave me any pain.

This evening I preached in the hall of the hospital: The next day, morning and afternoon, in the yard. So much of the form of religion is here still, as is scarce to be found in any town in *England*. There was once the power too. And shall it not be again? Surely the time is at hand.

Monday 29. I rode with *James Kershaw* thro' a fruitful country, to *Killmarnock*, and thence to *Air*. After a short bait at *Maybole* in the afternoon, we went on to *Girvane*, a little town on the sea-shore. Tuesday 30. We rode over high and steep moun-

tains, between *Ballintrae* and *Strangrawer*: Where we met with as good entertainment of every kind, as if we had been in the heart of *England*.

We reached *Port-patrik* about three o'clock, and were immediately surrounded with men offering to carry us over the water. But the wind was full in our teeth. I determined to wait till morning, and then go forward or backward, as God should please.

May Wednesday, May 1. The wind was quite fair: So as soon as the tide served, I went on board. It seemed strange to cross the sea in an open boat: especially when the waves ran high. I was a little sick, till I fell asleep. In five hours and an half we reached *Donaghadee*. But my mare could not land, till five hours after: So that I did not reach *Newtown* till past eight.

Ireland I spent the next day here, endeavouring to lift up the hands, of a poor, scattered, dejected people. In the evening I preached on the green; tho' it was exceeding cold, none of the congregation seemed to regard it. And a few of them do remember from whence they are fallen, and resolve to do the first works.

Friday 3. I rode on to *Lisburn*, and in the evening preached in the market-house. The wind was as keen as in *December*: Yet a large congregation attended. I then met what was left of the society: And the spirit of many that were faint revived. Saturday 4. I preached in the room at five, which had been discontinued for three years. And this alone would account for the scattering of the people, and the deadness of them that remained. In the evening I preached in the *Linen-hall*, so called, a large square, with piazza's on three sides of it. And so deep an attention I never saw in the people of *Lisburn* before.

Sunday 5. For the sake of the country people, I delayed the morning preaching till half an hour past nine. At eleven the church service began, and we had an useful sermon on *Follow peace with all men and holiness*. At five I preached in the *Linen-hall* again, to a numerous congregation, on *Yea, doubtless and I*
count

count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.

Monday 6. I rode to Newry, and in the evening preached in the Market-house, on *Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace.* The whole congregation seemed affected, this as well as the next evening: Indeed more than I had seen them for some years. Hence, Wednesday 8. I rode to Terryhugan, and found much of the power of God among that plain, simple-hearted people. Here Mr. Ryan overtook me, and led me to Clanmain, where we had, as usual, a lively, earnest congregation: Most of whom, (except those that came from far) were present again at five in the morning. About eleven I preached at the Grange, a small village, about five miles from Clanmain. Friday 10. I took Mr. Ryan with me, and set out for Londonderry. When we had rode about twelve miles, a road turned short to the left: But having no direction to turn, we went strait forward, till a woman running after us, (taking one of us, I know not why, for a doctor) told us the case of her poor husband, who, she said, had kept his bed for seven weeks. After riding half an hour, we found we were out of our way and rode back again. By this means we went by the house where the man lay. When I alighted and went in, I quickly saw, that he needed something more than I had prescribed before. Who knows but our losing the way may be the means of saving the poor man's life?

In the afternoon, after riding thro' a fruitful country, (one mountain only excepted) we came to Omagh, the shire town of the county of Tyrone. We found a good inn; but were not glad, when we heard there was to be dancing that night, in the room under us. But in awhile, the dancers removed to the shire-hall. So we slept in peace.

Saturday 11. Having no direction to any one in Derry, I was musing what to do, and wishing some one would meet me and challenge me, tho' I knew not how it could be, as I never had been there be-

fore, nor knew any one in the town. When we drew near it, a gentleman on horseback stopped, asked me my name, and shewed me where the preacher lodged. In the afternoon he accommodated me with a convenient lodging at his own house. So one Mr. Knox is taken away, and another given me in his stead.

At seven I preached in the *Linen-hall*, (a square so called) to the largest congregation I have seen in the north of *Ireland*. The waters spread as wide here as they did at *Athlone*. God grant they may be as deep!

Sunday 12. At eight I preached there again, to an equal number of people. About eleven Mr. Knox went with me to church, and led me to a pew, where I was placed next the mayor. What is this? What have I to do with honour? Lord, let me always fear not desire it.

The afternoon-service was not over, till about half hour past six. At seven I preached to near all the inhabitants of the city. I think, there was scarce one who did not feel that God was there. So general an impresson upon a congregation, I have hardly seen in any place.

Monday 13. and the following days I had leisure to go on with the Notes on the Old Testament. But I wondered more at the situation I was in, in the midst of rich and honourable men! While this lasts it is well. And it will be well too, when any or all of them change their countenance:

"And wonder at the strange man's face,
As one they ne'er had known."

Tuesday 14. I wrote the following letter to a friend:

Dear Sir, *Londonderry, May 14, 1765.*
"Your manner of writing needs no excuse. I hope you will always write in the same manner. Love is the plainest thing in the world: I know this
dictates

dictates what you write : and then what need of ceremony ?

" You have admirably well express'd what I mean by an opinion, contradistinguished from an essential doctrine. Whatever is " compatible with love to Christ and a work of grace," I term an *opinion*. And certainly the holding particular election and final perseverance is compatible with these. " Yet what fundamental errors" (you ask) have you opposed with *half that fervency* as you have these opinions." I have printed near fifty sermons, and only one of these opposes them at all. I preach about eight hundred sermons in a year, and taking one year with another for twenty years past, I have not preached eight sermons in a year upon the subject. But, " how many of your best preachers have been *thrust out* because they dissented from you in these particulars ?" Not one, best or worst ; good or bad ; was ever *thrust out* on this account. There has not been a single instance of this kind. Two or three, (but far from *the best* of our preachers) voluntarily left us, after they had embraced those opinions. But it was of their own mere motions. And two I should have expelled for immoral behaviour : but they withdrew, and *pretended* " they did not hold our doctrine." Set a mark therefore on him that told you that tale, and let his word for the future go for nothing.

" Is a man a believer in Jesus Christ, and is his life suitable to his profession ?" Are not only the main, but the *sole* enquiries I make in order to his admission into our society. If he is a dissenter, he may be a dissenter still : but if he is a churchman, I advise him to continue so : and that for many reasons, some of which are mentioned in the tract upon that subject.

" I think on justification just as I have done any time these seven and twenty years ; and just as Mr. Calvin does. In this respect, I do not differ from him an hair's breadth.

“ But the main point between you and me is perfection. “ This, you say, has no prevalence in these parts. Otherwise I should think it my duty to oppose it with my whole strength: not as an *opinion*, but as a dangerous mistake, which appears to be subversive of the very foundation of Christian experience, and which has in fact given occasion to the most grievous offences.”

“ Just so my brother and I reasoned thirty years ago, “ as thinking it our duty to oppose *predestination* with our whole strength: not as an *opinion*, but as a dangerous mistake, which appears to be subversive of the very foundation of Christian experience, and which has in fact given occasion to the most grievous offences.”

That it has given occasion to such offences I know; I can name time, place and persons. But still another fact stares me in the face. Mr. H—— and Mr. N—— hold this, and yet I believe these have real Christian experience. But if so, this is only an *opinion*: it is not subversive, (here is clear proof to the contrary) of the very foundations of Christian experience. It is “ compatible with love to Christ, and a genuine work of grace.” Yea, many hold it, at whose feet I desire to be found in the day of the Lord Jesus. If then I “ oppose this with my whole strength,” I am a mere bigot still. I leave you in your calm and retired moments to make the application.

“ But how came this opinion into my mind ?” I will tell you with all simplicity. In 1725, I met with *Bishop Taylor’s Rule of holy living and dying*. I was struck particularly with the chapter upon *intention*, and felt a fixt intention to *give myself up to God*. In this I was much confirmed soon after by the *Christian Pattern*, and longed to *give God all my heart*. This is just what I mean by *perfection* now. I sought after it from that hour.

In 1727 I read Mr. *Law’s Christian Perfection, and Serious Call*, and more explicitly resolved to be *all devoted to God*, in body, soul, and spirit: In 1730, I be-

I began to be *homo unius libri*; to study (comparatively) no book but the bible. I then saw in a stronger light than ever before, that only *one thing is needful*, even *faith that worketh by the love of God and man*, all inward and outward holiness, and I groaned to love God with *all my heart*, and to serve him with *all my strength*.

"January 1, 1733, I preached the sermon on the circumcision of the heart;" which contains *all* that I now teach concerning salvation from *all sin*, and loving God with an *undivided heart*. In the same year I printed (the first time I ventured to print any thing) for the use of my pupils "a collection of forms of prayer." And in this I spoke explicitly of giving *the whole heart, and the whole life to God*. This was then, as it is now, my idea of perfection, tho' I should have started at *the word*.

In 1735, I preached my farewell sermon at *Epworth* in Lincolnshire. In this likewise I spoke with the utmost clearness of having *one design, one desire, one love*, and of pursuing the *one end* of our life, in all our words and actions.

In January, 1738, I express my desire in these words:

O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell but thy *pure love alone* !
 O may thy love *possess me whole*,
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown.
 Strange flames far from my heart remove !
 My *every act, word, thought* be love.

And I am still persuaded, this is what the Lord Jesus hath bought for me with his own blood.

Now whether *you* desire and expect this blessing or not, is it not an astonishing thing, that you or any man living should be disgusted at *me* for expecting it? And that they should persuade one another that this hope is "subversive of the very foundations of Christian experience." Why then, whoever retains it cannot possibly have any Christian experience

ence at all! Then my brother, Mr. *Fletcher*, and I, and twenty thousand more, who *seem* both to fear and to love God, are in reality children of the Devil, and in the road to eternal damnation!

In God's name I intreat you, make me sensible of this. Shew me by plain, strong reasons, what dishonour this hope does to Christ, wherein it opposes justification by faith, or any fundamental truth of religion. But do not wrest, and wiredraw, and colour my words, as Mr. *Hervey*, (or *Cudworth*) has done, in such a manner, that when I look in that glass, I do not know my own face! "Shall I call you (says Mr. *Hervey*) my father or my friend? For you have been both to me." So I was, and you have as well requited me! It is well my reward is with the most high.

Wishing all happiness to you and yours,

I am, dear, Sir, your affectionate brother
and servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

On Wednesday and Thursday I spoke severally to the members of the society. I found (just as I expected) that the work of God here is exceeding shallow. Yet while so many flock to hear, one cannot doubt, but God will cut some of them to the heart.

Sunday 19. Mr. S—, one of the curates, preached an excellent sermon on *receiving the Holy Ghost*. I afterwards accepted his invitation to dinner, and found a well-natured, sensible man, and one well-acquainted with every branch of learning, which we had occasion to touch upon. At seven I preached on *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ*. And truly the people of this place, will hear sound doctrine. Wednesday 22. I exhorted the little society, to avoid sloth, prodigality and slut-tishness, and on the contrary, to be patterns of diligence, frugality and cleanliness.

Thursday 23. Lighting on a volume of Mr. *Seed's* sermons, I was utterly surprized. Where did this man lie hid, that I never heard of him, all the time I was at *Oxford*? His language is pure in the highest degree;

degree; his apprehension clear, his judgment strong. And for true, manly wit, and exquisite turns of thought, I know not if this century has produced his equal.

Saturday 25. Both in the morning and evening, I spoke as closely and sharply as I could. But yet I cannot find the way to wound the people. They are neither offended, nor convinced.

Ever since I came hither, I have been amazed at the honesty which runs thro' this city. None scruples to leave his house open all day, and the door only on the latch at night. Such a thing as *theft* is scarce heard of at *Derry*: No one has the least suspicion of it. No wonder therefore that the inhabitants, never suspect themselves to be *sinners*. O what pity that *honesty* should be a bar to salvation! Yet so it is, if a man puts it in the place of Christ.

Having a remarkable anecdote put into my hands, which some will probably be pleased to see, I may insert it here, as well as elsewhere. It is a conversation between my father's father, (taken down in short-hand by himself) and the then Bishop of *Bristol*. I may be excused, if it appears more remarkable to me, than it will do to an unconcerned person.

Bishop. What is your name?

Wesley. John Wesley.

B. There are many great matters charged upon you.

W. May it please your lordship, Mr. *Horlock* was at my house on Tuesday last, and acquainted me that it was your lordship's desire I should come to you: And on that account I am here to wait on you.

B. By whom were you ordained? Or are you ordain'd?

W. I am sent to preach the gospel.

B. By whom were you sent?

W. By a church of Jesus Christ.

B. What church is that?

W. The church of Christ at *Melcomb*.

B. That

B. That factious and heretical church!

W. May it please you, Sir, I know no faction or heresy that church is guilty of.

B. No! Did not you preach such things as tend to faction and heresy?

W. I am not conscious to myself of any such preaching.

B. I am informed by sufficient men, gentlemen of honour of this county, viz. Sir *Gerrard Napper*, Mr. *Freak*, and Mr. *Tregonnel*, of your doings. What say you?

W. Those honour'd gentlemen I have been with; who being by others misinform'd proceeded with some heat against me.

B. There are oaths of several honest men, and shall we take your word for it, that all is but misinformation?

W. There was no oath given or taken. Besides, if it be enough to accuse, who shall be innocent?—I can appeal to the determination of the great *Day of Judgment*; that the large catalogue of matters laid to me, are either things invented or mistaken.

B. Did not you ride with your sword, in the time of the *Committee of Safety*, and engage with them?

W. Whatever imprudences in civil matters you may be inform'd I am guilty of; I shall crave leave to acquaint your lordship, that his Majesty having pardoned them fully, I shall wave any other answer.

B. In what a manner did the church you spake of send you to preach? At this rate every body might preach.

W. Not every one. Every body has not preaching gifts and preaching graces. Besides that is not all I have to offer to your lordship to justify my preaching.

B. If you preach it must be according to order, the order of the *church of England*, upon ordination.

W. What does your lordship mean by ordination?

B. Do not you know what I mean?

W. If you mean that sending spoken of *Rom. 10.* I had it.

B. I mean

B. I mean that; What mission had you?

W. I had a mission from God and man.

B. You must have it according to law, and the order of the *church of England*.

W. I am not satisfied in my spirit therein.

B. Not satisfied in your spirit! You have more new coin'd phrases than ever were heard of! You mean your conscience, do you not?

W. Spirit is no new phrase. We read of being sanctified in *Soul, Body, and Spirit*.

B. Spirit there we are to understand the upper region of the *Soul*.

W. Some think we are to take it for the *Conscience*: But if your lordship like it not so, then I say, I am not satisfied in conscience, as touching the ordination you speak of.

B. Conscience argues science, science supposes judgment, and judgment reason. What reason have you that you will not be thus ordained?

W. I came not this day to dispute with your lordship; my own inability would forbid me so to do.

B. No, no; but give me your reason.

W. I am not call'd to office; and therefore cannot be ordain'd.

B. Why have you then preach'd all this while?

W. I was call'd to the *work* of the ministry; tho' not the *office*. There is as we believe, *Vocatio ad opus, & ad munus*.

B. Why may you not have the office of the ministry?

W. May it please your lordship, because they are not a people who are fit subjects for me to exercise office work among them.

B. You mean a *gathered church*: But we must have no gathered churches in *England*; and you will see it so. For there must be a unity without divisions among us: And there can be no unity without *Uniformity*.—Well then we must send you to your church, that they may dispose of you, if you were ordain'd by them.

W. I have been inform'd by my cousin *Pitfield* and others

others concerning your lordship, that you have a disposition inclined against morosity. However you may be prepossess'd by some bitter enemies to my person; yet, there are others, who can and will give you another character of me. Mr. *Gliffon* hath done it. And Sir *Francis Tulford* desired me to present his service to you, and being my hearer is ready to acquaint you concerning me.

B. I asked Sir *Francis Tulford* whether the presentation to *Whitchurch* was his: Whose is it? He told me it was not his.

W. There was none presented to it these sixty years, Mr. *Walton* lived there. At his departure the people desired me to preach to them, and when there was a way of settlement appointed, I was by the trustees appointed, and by the triers approved.

B. They would approve any, who would come to them and close with them. I know they approved those who could not read twelve lines of *English*.

W. All that they did I know not: but I was examined touching gifts and graces.

B. I question not your gifts, Mr. *Wesley*, I will do you any good I can: but you will not long be suffered to preach, unless you will do according to order.

W. I shall submit to any trial you shall please to make. I shall present your Lordship with a confession of my faith, or take what other way you please to insist on.

B. No, we are not come to that yet.

W. I shall desire those severals laid together, which I look on as justifying my preaching.

1. I was devoted to the service from mine infancy.

2. I was educated in order thereto at school, and in the University of *Oxford*.

B. What age are you?

W. Twenty-five.

B. No, sure, you are not.

W. 3. As a son of the prophets, after I had taken my degrees, I preached in the country, being approved

proved of by judicious able Christians, Ministers, and others.

4. It pleased God to seal my labour with success, in the apparent conversion of many souls.

B. Yea, that is it may be, to your way.

W. Yea, to the power of godliness, from ignorance and profaneness. If it please your Lordship, to lay down any evidences of godliness, agreeing with scripture, and that are not found in those persons intended, I am content to be discharged the ministry. I will stand or fall on the issue thereof.

B. You talk of the power of godliness; such as you fancy.

W. Yea to the reality of religion. Let us appeal to any common place book for evidences of graces, and they are found in and upon them.

B. How many are there of them?

W. I number not the people.

B. Where are they?

W. Wherever I have been called to preach. At Radpole, Melcomb, Turnwood, Whitchurch, and at sea. I shall add another ingredient of my mission.

5. When the church saw the presence of God going along with me, they did, by fasting and prayer, in a day set apart for that end, seek an abundant blessing on my endeavours.

B. A particular church?

W. Yes, my Lord, I am not ashamed to own myself a member of one.

B. Why you may mistake the Apostle's intent. They went about to convert Heathens. You have no warrant for your particular churches.

W. We have a plain, full, and sufficient rule for gospel worship in the *New Testament*, recorded in the *Acts of the Apostles*, and in the *Epistles*.

B. We have not.

W. The practice of the Apostles is a standing rule in those cases which were not extraordinary.

B. Not their practice, but their precepts.

W. Both precepts and practice. Our duty is not deliver'd to us in scripture only by precepts, but pre-

cedents, by promises, by threatenings mix'd. We are to follow them as they followed Christ.

B. But the Apostle said, "This speak I, not the Lord:" that is by revelation.

W. Some interpret that place, "This speak I now by revelation from the Lord," not the Lord in that text before instanc'd concerning divorces. May it please your Lordship, we believe that "caltus not institutus est indebitus."

B. It is false.

W. The second commandment speaks the same; Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image.

B. That is, forms of your own invention.

W. Bishop *Andrews* taking notice of "non facis tibi," satisfied me that we may not worship God, but as commanded.

B. Well then you will justify your preaching, will you, without ordination, according to law?

W. All these things, laid together, are satisfactory to me, for my procedure therein.

B. They are not enough.

W. There has been more written in proof of preaching of gifted persons, with such approbation, than has been answered yet by any one.

B. Have you any thing more to say to me, Mr. *Wesley*.

W. Nothing: your Lordship sent for me.

B. I am glad to hear this from your mouth, you will stand to your principles you say?

W. I intend it thro' the grace of God; and to be faithful to the King's majesty however you deal with me.

B. I will not meddle with you.

W. Farewel to you Sir.

B. Farewel good Mr. *Wesley*.

F. I. N. I. S...

